

The Sketch

No. 805.—Vol. LXII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1908.

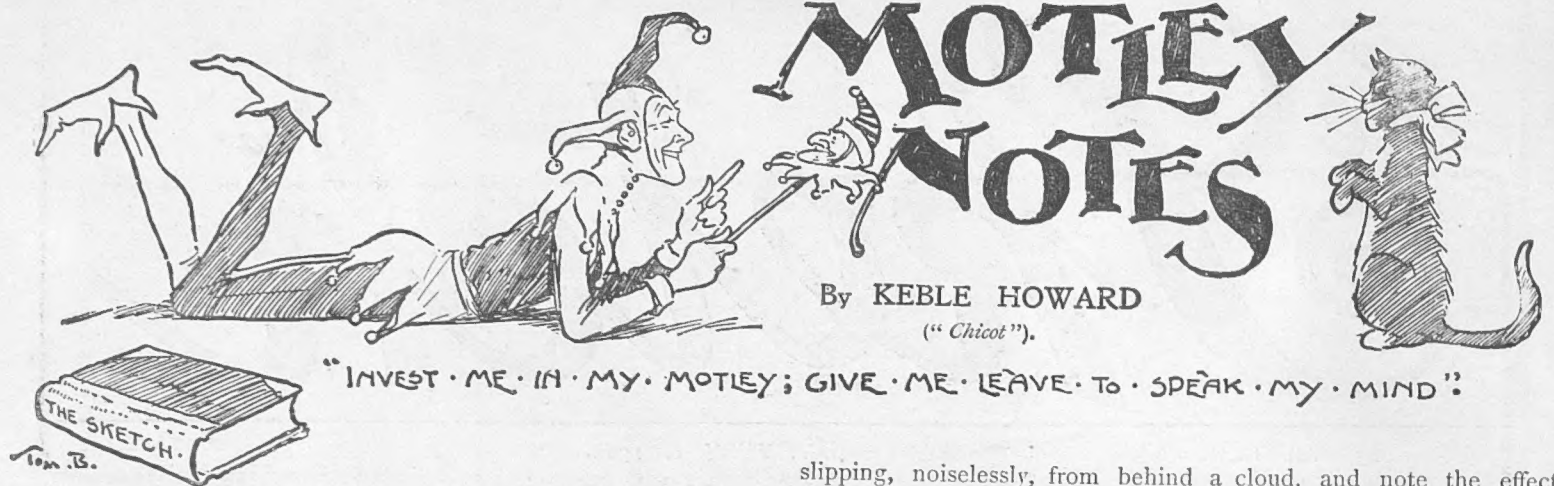
SIXPENCE.



MARIE LLOYD IN ADVANCE OF FASHION: THE REAL DIRECTOIRE DRESS.

"I REALLY WAS A BIG SUCCESS WHEN I PUT ON MY DIRECTOIRE DRESS."

Photograph of the one and only Marie Lloyd in her Directoire song at the Tivoli by Ellis and Walery; setting by "The Sketch."



"Swank."

Several correspondents write to ask me whether I can give them the derivation and precise meaning of the word "swank." During the past six months or so, they have noticed the word creeping into the vocabularies of many of their acquaintances. None of those who use it, however, is able to define it to the satisfaction of my correspondents. I think I can be of some small use here. "Swank" is a composite word. Lewis Carroll might have invented it, but the word is much older than Lewis Carroll. In the world of theatres it has been in use for many years. The constituent elements of "swank" are "swagger" and "hank," the latter word, of course, meaning "humbug." Swank, therefore, is pretentious humbug, and the reason why the word is now used so commonly is because pretentious humbug is the predominant note of the age, and those of us who are not pretentious humbugs feel the need of one short, expressive term to describe those who are and the methods of those who are. Swankiness is far more prevalent than snobbishness. That is to say, the snob is so afraid of being called a snob that he swanks to a sickening extent about class-equality. There is no such thing as class-equality, and never will be. You might just as well pretend that the horse thinks himself no better than the monkey, or that the lion is perfectly content to be catalogued with the household cat.

And Some Swanks.

I am a Socialist, in that I feel keenly for the poor and needy and detest the selfish rich. But I recognise that all rich people are not selfish, just as I recognise that there are many poor people who deserve nothing better than poverty. There, then, you have one class of swank. Another swanker is the person who sprinkles his conversation with the word "intellectual," differentiating, in his puerile way, between the intellectual and the non-intellectual. Mr. Bernard Shaw had some lofty things to say the other day about the Tivoli and Tivoli audiences, inferring that the followers of Shaw are superior beings intellectually to the followers, let us say, of Harry Lauder. That was swank. Comparisons are odious, but, since Mr. Shaw himself drew the comparison, I have no hesitation in giving it as my opinion, for what it is worth, that Lauder is by far the greater man. Mr. Shaw has been talking all his life about "reform." Whenever you hear a man talking about reform you may write him down a swanker. Lauder never talks, so far as I know, about reforming anything or anybody, and yet, in a few years, he has reformed the whole music-hall stage of this country. Why? Simply because he had the genius to appeal to the sweet, primitive emotions. An artist who cannot do that must always rank as a second-rate sort of fellow.

The Fly on the Window.

Intellectually speaking, there is no such thing as progress. We may get a little more cunning. We may fashion for ourselves little boxes on wheels that run up and down the land at what we consider, in our innocence, a surprising speed. The speed at which we travel must always be limited by our breathing and seeing capacities. There is really nothing to get excited about. We may be able to throw messages to one another through the air, but there's nothing particularly exhilarating in that. Wireless telegraphy was established and perfected from the moment when Eve first made eyes at Adam, and that is a wireless telegraphy which will always take precedence of the Marconi system so long as men and women are here to send and receive messages. We may be able, by turning on a switch, to achieve what the papers call a "brilliant illumination," but think of the fuss, and dirt, and noise, and bang, and blare that go on at the other end of the wire! Then watch the sun

slipping, noiselessly, from behind a cloud, and note the effect on the universe, as far as your eye reaches. Intellect? Swank! What man cares a fig for "intellectual delights" who has once found himself within hailing distance of Nature? Never listen to them, friend the reader, when they talk to you about intellectual delights. Do as you like, be happy, and don't swank.

The Airing.

There has been sent to me a copy of Mrs. Maud Churton Braby's book, "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It." Mr. George Meredith once said, "The subject of Marriage is kept too much in the dark. Air it! Air it!" It is all very well for Mr. Meredith, living in seclusion, to talk like that, but I beg to inform him that the London stage of the last few years has been unflagging in its attempts to air the subject of marriage. Did Mr. Meredith never hear of "The Spring Chicken"? This beautiful piece dealt quite frankly with one of the problems of married life. Then we had "Man and Superman," "His House in Order," "Maternité," "Toddles," "John Glayde's Honour," "The Midnight Wedding," "Fiander's Widow," "Hamilton's Second Marriage," "The Thief," and "The New York Idea"—all doing their big or little best. Still, Mrs. Braby's book is more of an official guide to marriage than any play or novel. It is a companion volume to "Modern Medicine for the Home," "The Complete Bridge-Player," "My Motor Log-Book," "Chats on Violins," and "Etiquette Up-to-Date." It is the "A.B.C." of marriage, and the only thing one misses is an index at the end. It would have been so useful to married people if Mrs. Braby had given them something of this sort—

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The Really Ideal Husband.

Let me hasten to admit that Mrs. Braby has drawn up a fairly formidable little list of subjects. For example: "Why we fall out: Divers Discords"; "Wild Oats for Wives"; "Polygamy at the Polite Dinner Table"; and so on. Under the first of these headings, I find that a vegetarian husband is particularly desirable, because he will eat anything so long as it is not meat. If the dinner is a trifle late, I suppose, you can put him down on the floor for half-an-hour and let him gnaw the door-handle. One of Mrs. Braby's friends is lucky enough to own a husband of this kind. He "breakfasts off a banana, lunches off a lettuce, dines on a date, and sups on a salted almond." The consequence is that they never squabble. The poor dear is too weak, of course, to indulge in anything so energetic.

"The Delectable Cereal."

One wonders why Mrs. Braby's friend did not marry a snowdrop. However, that is her own business. I turn to the chapter headed "Wild Oats for Wives" and find this solemn warning: "Bachelors take note! A woman—new style—who has knocked about over half the world and sown a mild crop of the delectable cereal will prove a far better wife." But was there ever a man, I wonder, who objected to a girl because she had sown a "mild crop of the delectable cereal"? I never met him—but then one meets so few people of the more interesting kind. That is the beauty of Mrs. Braby's book. You take it down from your shelf, you read it for half-an-hour, and you find yourself understanding everything about everybody. By the way, you should buy it instead of borrowing it. You can't run to the library every time your husband or your wife begins to be silly.

GOING LIKE ONE O'CLOCK: WINCHESTER PAGEANT.



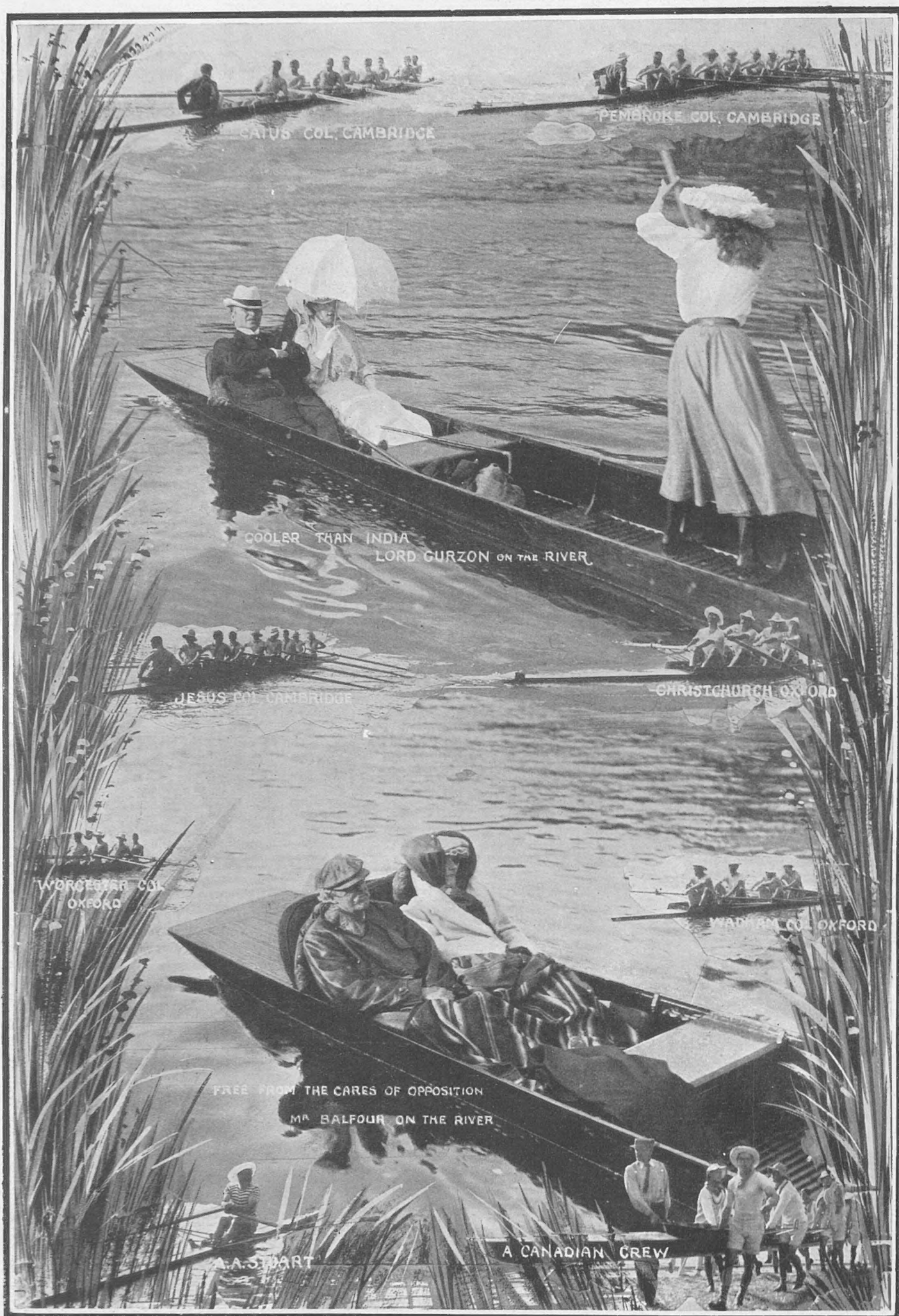
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|-----------------------------------|---|--|
| 1. CANUTE (MR. CHARLES THURSBY). | 5. KATHERINE OF ARAGON (MRS. HOBART). | 9. HENRY I. (MR. EASTMAN). |
| 2. HENRY VIII. (MR. E. KNOWLTON). | 6. ROBERT DUKE OF NORMANDY (REV. E. G. MACPHERSON). | 10. KING OSWALD (MR. EDGAR FIELDER). |
| 3. WALTHEOF (MR. CANCELLOR). | 7. THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. (MAJOR HOBART). | 11. ARCHDRUID'S DAUGHTER (MISS BAYFORD). |
| 4. STEPHEN (MR. ARTHUR MOSS). | 8. CERDIC (MR. T. GRACE). | 12. CHARLES II. (MR. CHARLES THURSBY). |

In Centre: CERDIC DRINKS THE BLOOD OF HIS FOES.

Below: WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR PRESIDES AT THE TRIAL OF WALTHEOF, EARL OF NORTHUMBRIA, THE MARTYRED SAXON.

Photographs by Gandy.

HALCYON HENLEY WEEK.



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SMALL TALK



A DISTINGUISHED HORSEWOMAN AT OLYMPIA: MISS HAINES.

Photograph by Sport and General.

plan, and a special feature will be masses of school-children, who will welcome the royal party with songs and cheers. It would not be surprising if Dr. Bodington, the energetic Vice-Chancellor of the University, were to receive the accolade and rise "Sir Nathan." Originally an Oxford man, Dr. Bodington has for the last quarter of a century played a notable part in the development of the newer Universities—those of Birmingham and Manchester, as well as Leeds. He married last year the youngest daughter of the late Sir John Barran, a well-known Leeds worthy.

Their Majesties at Harewood. For their visit to Leeds the King and Queen will

honour Lord and Lady Harewood at Harewood House, which is quite close to the city. Lord and Lady Harewood are old friends of their Majesties, and their niece, Miss Blanche Lascelles, has been Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra for the last three years. The chief glory of Harewood House is the famous Lascelles Collection of jewels and china, old Dresden and Celadon, which is estimated to be worth quite £300,000. The house, designed by Adam, and afterwards improved by Sir Charles Barry, dates from early in the reign of George III., and is a stately mansion with fine large rooms, the principal of which have wonderful painted ceilings. From the terrace the most magnificent views can be obtained, and the beautiful gardens, which were laid out by "Capability" Brown, rival those of Studley Royal. The park is one of the largest in England, and also one of the most beautiful, for it is full of undulating hills, sequestered dales, and rippling streams.

Dianas at Olympia. Perhaps the most attractive feature of the great Horse Show at Olympia was the group of brilliant horsewomen present, and a very distinguished audience gathered together to witness the judging of the Park Class of eleven, in which one clever and plucky Diana—namely, Mrs. Clement—got in third, riding on Bonnie Dundee. She had, however, obtained a greater triumph on the first day, when she rode the winner in a hack class so

THE King and Queen will next week inaugurate the new buildings of the University of Leeds, when the great industrial city will give their Majesties a right royal welcome, the Lord Mayor having been voted £10,000 towards the necessary expenses. The whole city, indeed, is being decorated on a uniform

superbly as to merit the high commendation of those present. Miss Haines, yet another equestrienne popular in horse-land, is quite at home at Olympia, for she has ridden there in the past, and will do in the future.

A Tiny Bridesmaid.

Of the threety bridesmaids who played so pretty a part in



ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED HORSEWOMAN AT OLYMPIA: MRS. CLEMENT.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Miss Whitelaw Reid's wedding-procession, perhaps the prettiest was Miss Audrey James, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James. This little lady created quite a sensation in the crowded church by greeting someone in the gallery. The incident, however, was in no sense malapropos, for the royalties present laughed heartily. The tiny bridesmaids were exquisitely dressed in white muslin, after a famous eighteenth-century picture. They were each presented by the bridegroom with platinum chain bangles studded with pearls, and with initial diamond pendants. The bows of pale-blue tulle worn in each little bridesmaid's hair matched her pale-blue silk sash, and were a becoming and uncommon novelty.

This Week's Smart Wedding.

The most fashionable of this week's great weddings was fixed for yesterday at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, when Captain Lord Frederick Temple Blackwood, D.S.O. the gallant son of the late Lord Dufferin, led to the altar Miss Brenda Wodehouse, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wodehouse. Lady Frederick will probably take a distinguished place among our younger military hostesses, for as a girl she was exceptionally popular. The Dowager Lady Dufferin has now but one bachelor son—the brilliant Lord Basil Blackwood, whose illustrations for "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts" make him the nursery humourist par excellence.

The Garden-Party at Cliveden.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor arranged to give a garden-party in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes last Monday at stately Cliveden, once the seat of the Duke of Westminster, which was given to Mr. Astor on his marriage by his father, Mr. W. W. Astor. Mrs. Waldorf Astor is a most delightful and popular hostess, who, curiously enough, was born on the same day and in the same year as her husband. She is a sister of Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, and it is well known that the famous American artist evolved his Gibson Girl type from his wife and his sisters-in-law. Mrs. Waldorf Astor is a magnificent horsewoman, and is often seen in the hunting-field.



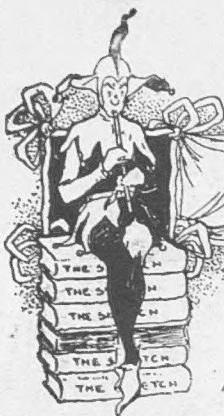
A LITTLE BRIDESMAID WHO ASKED IF THE CEREMONY WOULD BE LONG: MISS AUDREY JAMES, MISS WHITELAW REID'S YOUNGEST BRIDESMAID.

Miss Audrey James is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James. She was Miss Whitelaw Reid's youngest bridesmaid. In the Chapel Royal the little girl amused the King very much by asking in a high, piping voice if the ceremony would be long.—[Photograph by Alice Hughes.]



MISS BRENDA WODEHOUSE, WHOSE MARRIAGE WITH LORD FREDERICK BLACKWOOD WAS FIXED FOR JUNE 30.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



THE CLUBMAN

THE IMPORTANCE OF JUNE 30—MR. HALDANE'S SCHEME—THE TERRITORIAL BATTERIES—
THE LADIES TO THE RESCUE.



THAT important day in the history of the new Territorial Army, June 30, has come, and Mr. Haldane, who is the godfather of the new Home Guards, says that he is satisfied with the response made to the appeal to the old Volunteers to re-enlist. There never was a scheme so much criticised while it was laboriously coming into existence as this one of Mr. Haldane's has been. It has been picked to pieces by all the experts, and some branches of the new force, before they have been given a chance of trying to become efficient, have been assured that they never can reach the required standard. Mr. Haldane's critics have been very like the child who digs up every day a seed which has been planted to see whether it is growing.

Mr. Haldane pleads for time; he asks for a breathing-space of two years to see whether the ranks of the newly constituted regiments will fill up, and it seems to me that it is only fair that Great Britain should have patience for that period. Most fortunately, this is not a party question, and it has persistently been kept above politics on the higher level of patriotism. Such appointments as are now being made to Lord-Lieutenancies and other posts of honour in counties are being made less on the principle of "the spoils to the victors" than of the qualifications the men selected have for organising and popularising the county regiments. This is, of course, just as it should be, but it is not always the case that Ministers in advising his Majesty the King as to appointments are firm enough on Imperial matters to forget that they are leaders of a party.

Two years may seem a long time to wait with the ranks of the home army only partially filled; but Mr. Haldane and many of his

advisers are of opinion that before twenty-four months have passed the regiments will stand full strength on parade. No change, however, can be made without some time of weakness, and it is well for this country that there never has been a period in which there are fewer serious difficulties threatening than at the present time. If we had not come to an agreement with Russia with regard to Persia and Afghanistan and Tibet, the fighting at Teheran would have created a very serious

full numbers the conditions of service may be made so easy that the requisite amount of training to keep the force efficient may not be insisted on; but our Minister of War, though he does not look on the conditions he has laid down as cast-iron where the men he wishes to bring in are concerned, seems determined not to fill the ranks with men who looked on the old Volunteer corps as pleasant clubs, carrying the right to wear a uniform and to take an annual outing at Government expense. In this he is abundantly right, and if more people gave him encouragement in carrying out those parts of his scheme which meet with universal approval, instead of nosing about amidst the conditions trying to find weak points, it would be all the better for England.

My own humble opinion is that Mr. Haldane, if we are content to wait, will get his full force of cavalry and infantry, and that they will be of good enough quality to do the work, if called upon, for which they are raised. As to the citizen artillery, it is only fair to wait to see what it promises to be as it is trained. Lord Roberts, who is the greatest of authorities, thinks that the training will not be sufficient to enable it to face Continental batteries on anything like equal terms, and, believing this, he would not have been true to himself if he had not warned his country; but there are more hopeful men who do not hold this opinion, and, in any case, now that we are committed to a Territorial Field Artillery, it is better to encourage it while it is making its effort to justify its existence than to tell it that it will never be of any use. It is heart-breaking to professional Gunners to see highly trained batteries reduced or disbanded, but it is always possible to raise Regular batteries again, and it would not be impossible, if the Territorial batteries required stiffening, to give them a highly trained backbone.

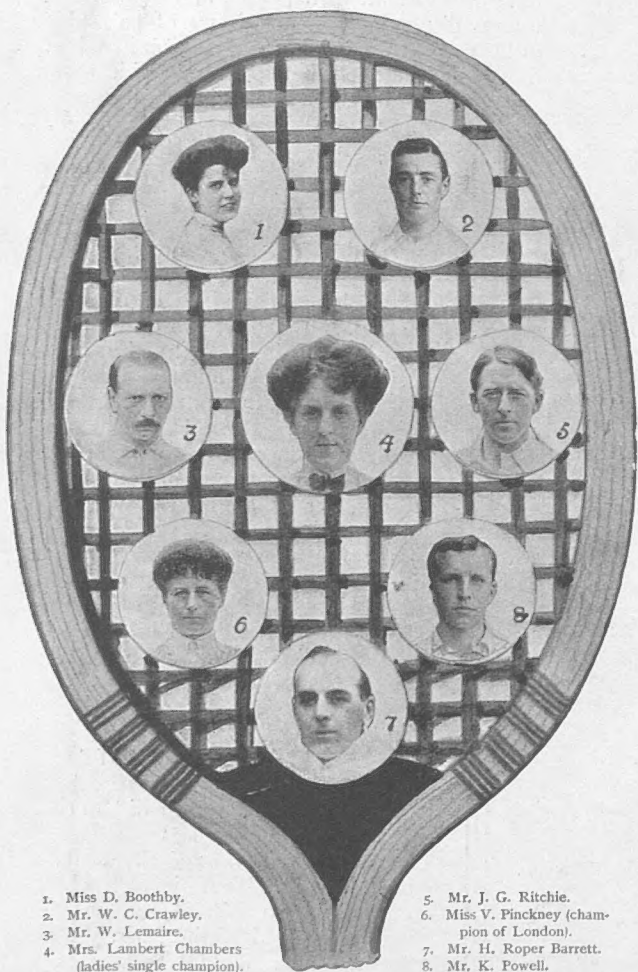
No doubt, while the echoes of the great shout of "Votes for women" have not yet died away, it would scarcely be politic of a Ministry which has not made up its mind as to the political future of woman to address an appeal to the ladies to act as recruiting sergeants, but I am sure it would aid the cause of the Suffragists if they showed that though they could not carry rifles themselves they could induce the men to do so. The County Associations are doing their work bravely. I should like to see in every county a supplementary association, an Association of Women, the members drawn from all classes, from the Lord-Lieutenant's wife to Mrs. Hodge, the cottager's good woman, leagued to bring pressure to bear on the young men to join the Territorial forces.



MUCH-DISCUSSED STATUARY AND ITS MAKER: MR. JACOB EPSTEIN PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS STATUES ON THE NEW BUILDING OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Epstein's anatomical sculptures in the Strand have raised a storm of blame and praise. The "Evening Standard" says they are an outrage on public decency. Mr. Holmes, Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, says they are worthy of Pheidias.

Photograph by White.



1. Miss D. Boothby.
2. Mr. W. C. Crawley.
3. Mr. W. Lemaire.
4. Mrs. Lambert Chambers (ladies' single champion).

5. Mr. J. G. Ritchie.
6. Miss V. Pinckney (champion of London).
7. Mr. H. Roper Barrett.
8. Mr. K. Powell.

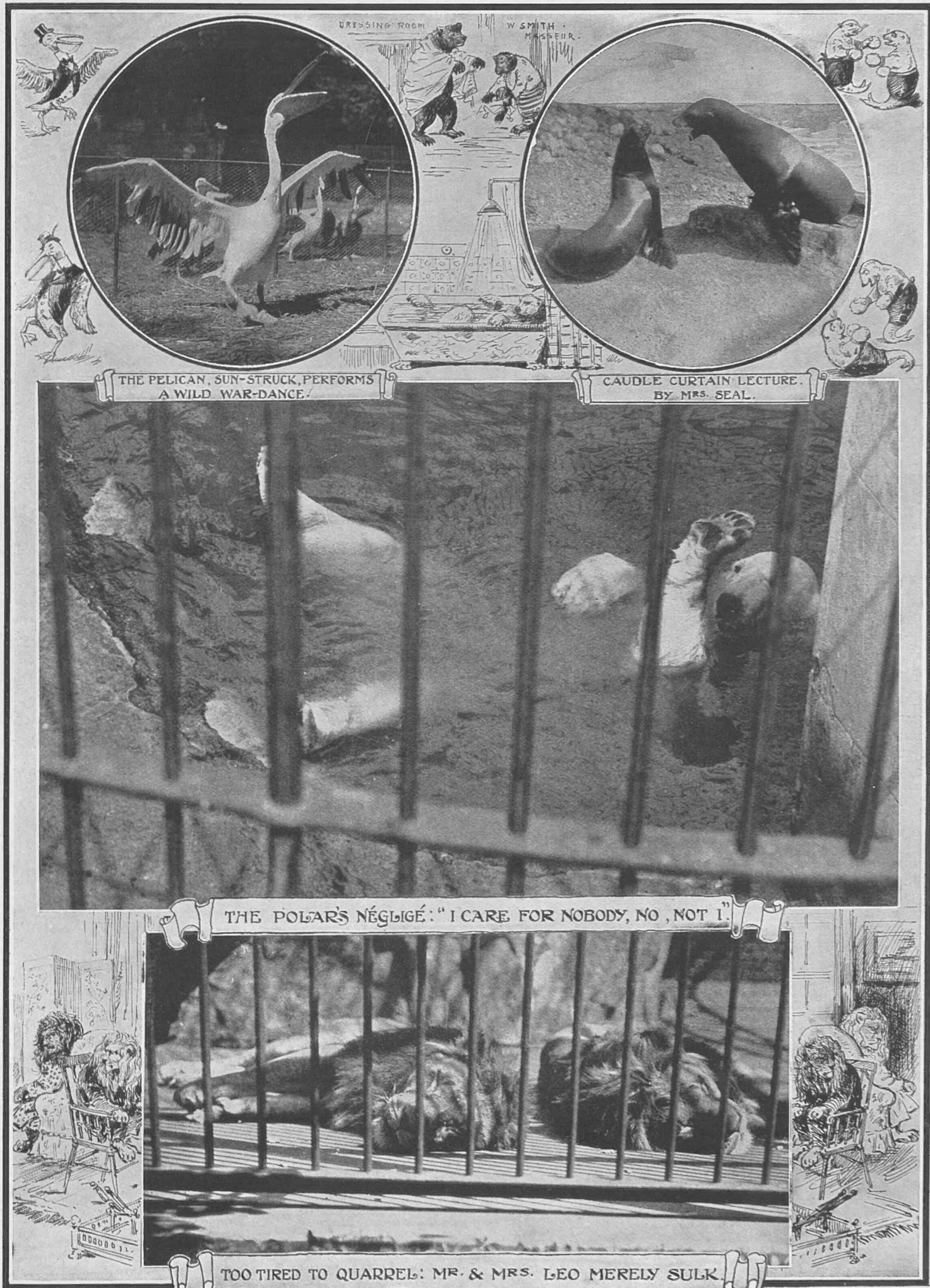
THE CHAMPION RACQUET: FAMOUS COMPETITORS IN THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Photographs by Sport and General.

situation in India, and all the army of the North-West would be waiting the word to mobilise. Fortunately, now there will not be a scramble of rival policemen as to who is to keep order in the Shah's much-troubled dominions.

I hope and I believe that Mr. Haldane's scheme will be a success. Professional soldiers are afraid that to obtain the

THE DISTRESSING EFFECT OF THE HOT WEATHER AT THE "ZOO."





THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME"—"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"—
"THE MILL"—"THE DRUMS OF DOOM."



AFTER a week of Sardou's play, "L'Affaire des Poisons," M. Coquelin has been giving a week of répertoire, and I daresay that some of us, in our wonder at his efforts in successfully producing half-a-dozen heavy plays during six days, and a couple of trifles, and playing the chief parts in them, may

forget the prodigious work of Mr. Tree's Shakespeare festival or Mr. F. R. Benson's Stratford exhibitions of répertoire. On the other hand, there is not the least reason for belittling the achievement of the French actor because we, too, have some actor-managers with a real répertoire. It was natural that he should begin by presenting "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which has the double recommendation of being well known and easily understood by British playgoers, and also giving the actor the fullest scope for his remarkable gifts. We have no actor quite like M. Coquelin, and, with all respect to his surprising accomplishments, I do not altogether regret the fact, for part of his success is due to his skill in overcoming a difficulty which hardly exists in our drama—the difficulty of attacking the rhyming verse in which he revels, delivering it in a fashion that sometimes makes me think of the gramophone. And yet, no one could possibly deny that his Monsieur Jourdain is the Monsieur Jourdain of Molière, one of the universally recognised masterpieces of broad humour, which, though plundered time after time by later dramatists of every nation, remains sur-

For M. Delvau, the French author, seizing upon the idea that Petrucchio was not merely a bullying fortune-hunter, showed that the taming was part of the policy of a man who loved the shrew, and wanted to enable her to conquer her own vice and impediment to her happiness, and that her submission was not due to broken spirit, but to her understanding the fact that he really loved her, and was striving, against his kindly nature, to enable her to conquer her temper for her own sake as well as his.

You may read all this in Shakespeare—with an effort; you have it nicely exhibited in "La Mégère Apprivoisée." It is much more in the range of Mr. Oscar Asche to give us a Petrucchio than in that of M. Coquelin, and when the regrettable misadventure with which began the present Aldwych Theatre season at summer prices was over, playgoers felt glad that Mr. Asche and Miss Lily Brayton had this popular revival of this play at their disposal. For all of us wish success to this pair of admirable artists and honest enthusiasts for their art. Mr. Asche's Petrucchio seems even better than at first, since he gives a new and valuable little note of irresponsibility that used to be lacking, and so renders the part more agreeable. I am not aware that anybody ever thought that Miss Brayton's Katherine could be better than it is. What a wonderful vixen! What a wild-cat! It is quite a *tour-de-force* and a triumph of technique over temperament—at

IS MAUD ALLAN'S CLASSICAL COSTUME CORRECT? THE GREAT DANCER'S DRESS FOR MENDELSSOHN'S "SPRING SONG."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

prisingly fresh. Of the other achievements of M. Coquelin during the week I have no need to speak; certainly they are wonderful, admirable, and show the famous comedian at his best.

Between Molière's famous farce, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and Shakespeare's famous farce, "The Taming of the Shrew," there is a vast difference; but I am not going to risk my life by making comparisons, and yet one I must make, although in fact it is hardly a comparison, only a suggestion. It is that I would sooner see Mr. Oscar Asche than M. Coquelin in "The Taming of the Shrew." Forgetful playgoers might imagine that it is rash to say this kind of thing, but about sixteen years ago I did see M. Coquelin in a French version of Shakespeare's play, given at the Opera Comique, London. It was a very clever version, in which a good deal of the puzzling ancillary plot was suppressed, whilst certain scenes hinted at by Shakespeare were skilfully imagined and written in, and humanised the play remarkably.



A WOMAN DRAMATIST PLAYS IN HER OWN PIECE: MISS CICELY HAMILTON IN "THE SERGEANT OF HUSSARS," PRODUCED AT THE SCALA (MATINÉE) ON JUNE 25.

With Miss Hamilton is Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



IS MAUD ALLAN'S CLASSICAL COSTUME CORRECT? A TANAGRA FIGURE OF A GREEK DANCING-GIRL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

From the Rischgitz Collection.

least, I think so, for I fancy there is nothing of the termagant in the actress who lately charmed London by her delightful performance of Rosalind. It is quite needless to say that they have a good company and that the play is intelligently presented and well mounted.

"The Mill," by Mr. Nugent Monck, at the Scala, was an attempt to paint in a mystic spirit the struggle in the soul of an artist who lived with one woman but loved another; it failed because the author was apparently attempting other things at the same time, and was somewhat uncertain as to what he was trying to do. The only touch of nature in the whole performance was a clever and rather pathetic study of the artist's mistress by Miss Clara Greet. "The Mill" was followed by a one-act play, "The Drums of Doom," by Mr. William Stuart, in which Mrs. Tree did her best to cause a thrill as a lady who heard over the telephone that her husband had been electrocuted; but, despite all her skill, she did not altogether succeed.

HARE AND HOUNDS AT HURLINGHAM.

DRAWN ON THE IMAGINATION BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



A SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENT ON HUNTING: ROLICKING SPORT FOR ROLLS.

(With apologies to the Hon. C. S. Rolls, whose portrait is not intended to be given here.)

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"AMOUREUSE."

By Georges de Porto-
Riche.

Comédie Française.

There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. I admit that. It has been said before several times, and I am not denying its truth for an instant. But when a man wants to work out the physiological peculiarities of smoker's tongue, or housemaid's knee, or others of the ills which flesh is heir to, he can't be bothered to tell his wife just what he thought the week before last when he caught sight of the dimple in her elbow as she was pinning on her hat.

Etienne Fériand is a doctor by trade, and before he married he was a good deal of a lady-killer by profession. His wife Germaine and he spent a long honeymoon, but when it lasted on into the tenth year of their marriage it began to interfere with Etienne's work. Germaine was charming. But when a doctor is busy with the mucous membrane of a blue-bottle fly for the good of humanity in general, he doesn't want—does he?—to have to stop work, kiss his wife eleven times, and spend the rest of the afternoon explaining which kiss he liked best and why. She is quite a dear, is Germaine, but she loves her husband rather too much for his peace of mind. There are women like that. I had an elderly aunt in my younger days who cared for my morals too much for the peace of my body, when I stole pickles—I have always been partial to pickles.

Now Etienne, having a good deal to do, suggests that his wife should pay a little less attention to him, and try and get the cook to serve up dinner within three quarters of an hour of the same time every day.

He explains that the monotony of such a course will not pall, and that, indirectly, it will benefit science. Germaine sulks a little, but she goes off to interview the cook. And meanwhile Etienne opens his heart to his friend Pascal Delannoy.

Pascal is an artist, and has been a friend of Etienne Fériand's for years. His friend's wife about, that he

the evening. She also says that it's a horrid shame that Etienne should go off to Italy in the middle of their honeymoon. She has several things to talk to him about, and the mere fact that he has promised to attend and lecture at a medical congress in Naples does not alter her conviction that he ought to stay at home. You know the old story of the man and his wife who disagreed about the texture of some new sheets they were going to buy. The husband thought that linen would be best. The wife thought they ought to have cotton ones. And so they compromised—on cotton. That is what happens to Etienne Fériand. He knows that he must go to Naples. His wife knows that she doesn't want him to go. And so they compromise by his remaining at home. Unfortunately, he lets the remark slip out of him that too much love is as tiresome as a heavy overcoat on a hot day. Now we know that no husband ought ever to make a remark like that. Work is all right, but wife begins with a "w" too, and if a husband forgets it, there is going to be trouble. There was.

Germaine had seventeen different kinds of hysterics, and, if any of you are at all married, you know how these things end. But though the quarrel was patched up, the little rift within the lute remained. And now, if Etienne so much as took an interest in a microbe of the female gender, Germaine got jealous.

His work went all over the place, and the two had words, with intervals of cooing, all day long. This sort of thing is exhausting. Etienne used to go down to breakfast, which would be cold because he and

his wife had had an explanation at some length over his wish to

get up early and read a learned treatise. He wouldn't get any lunch, because when lunch-time came they were busy making up a second quarrel, and it went on very much like that till bedtime. Next morning, Etienne lost his temper and told Germaine his real opinion of women. That was quite fatal. Germaine put her hat

A TALL ORDER: "MY BILL, PLEASE?"

on askew and threw herself into the arms of Pascal Delannoy, because her husband had said that woman was intended to be a man's toy, and so forth and so on. With the sweet reasonableness of the sex, she hated Pascal directly after he had caught her, and as Etienne naturally disliked him for what had happened, Pascal had to go away and be the friend of another family. And then Germaine told Etienne her views upon men. Etienne replied. The conversation lasted several hours; there was talk of divorce, and just before the curtain dropped, Germaine snuggled up to Etienne, let her tears drip all down his white waistcoat, told him he was a b-b-brute and that she would never leave him. And it is my firm conviction that she never will.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



TOO BIG FOR THE LIFT: THE GIANT PREFERS TO WALK UPSTAIRS.



RATHER A SMALL BATH, IS IT NOT?

The merest tyro could tell at a glance, from the dog-like fashion in which Pascal's eyes follow his friend's wife about, that he loves her to distraction, but that, loving his friend Etienne too, he will suffer agonies in refraining from loving her to the point of subtraction, as it were, from a wish to create no division in the family. Pascal tells Etienne that he is an ass. "The best thing in a man's life is a wife's love," he declares. And Etienne rejoins, neatly enough, that possibly he holds this opinion because he is a bachelor, and that the same wife's love twenty-four hours a day for many years interferes with work now and again. Then Pascal goes, Etienne settles down to his studies, and Germaine comes in, bites his left ear, plants a kiss with some skill in the middle of his chin, settles down on his knee, and says that she intends to take her quarters up there for

SOME OF THE INCONVENIENCES OF BEING A GIANT: MACHNOW, THE GREAT RUSSIAN, FINDS HIS HOTEL TOO SMALL FOR HIM.



A CHANCE FOR THE BOOTMAKER TO SEND IN A BIG BILL: MACHNOW'S PRODIGIOUS UNDERSTANDING.

Photographs by Servant.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE OUTSIDE OF THE RAILWAY-CARRIAGE CHAPEL.



THE INSIDE OF THE RAILWAY-CARRIAGE CHAPEL.

A CHAPEL OF EASE IN AN OLD RAILWAY-CARRIAGE: A QUAINT MISSION-HALL.

Dunsland Cross, in North Devon, is so far from its parish church at Ashwater, that the Rector, the Rev. G. D. Melhuish, sought to erect a mission-hall for the benefit of his flock at Dunsland Cross. The idea of purchasing a disused railway-carriage was first suggested to the Rector of Ashwater by the station-master in whose parish Dunsland Cross is situated. On being approached the railway company very readily offered to give the carriage and deliver it free of charge. The whole of the interior of the carriage has been removed and pews fitted up, affording seating accommodation for about fifty persons. One end of the car is partitioned off for a vestry, in the front of which is the pulpit and organ.—[Photographs by Allin.]



COMPONENT PARTS OF THE COMPLICATED CRICKET-BALL: THE LITTLE WORLD THAT LEATHER-HUNTERS RUN AFTER.

The parts of the cricket-ball are worsted, cork, the leather quarters, wax, and thread. In the picture appears a ball with the first seam completed and a finished ball.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



A PONY SMALL ENOUGH TO GET INTO THE KING'S BOX AT OLYMPIA.

The pony, believed to be the smallest in the world, belongs to Mr. Askham. It is thirty-five inches high, and is fifteen years old. It was taken into the King's box at Olympia for his Majesty to see.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



HOW TO WATCH YOUR STOCKS WHILE LUNCHING: THE TAPE IN A RESTAURANT.

In a New York restaurant for business men a luminous screen has been set up, showing the changes in Stock Exchange quotations from minute to minute. This has been done in order to save the brokers from jumping up from their meal continually.

Photograph by Hamilton.



THE KING'S HOSTESS ON JUNE 27:
THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Derby, Lady Jersey, Lady Grenfell, and seven of the most experienced hospital matrons in London. Her Majesty has always taken the greatest interest in nursing, and the present position of this noble calling in the public estimation is in no small degree to her constant patronage and support. Next Saturday there will be another proof of this interest, when her Majesty, who will be accompanied by the King, will open the new building of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses at Buckingham Street, Strand. Nothing is more desirable than that the devoted women who give up the best years of their lives to this noble profession should each and all of them have adequate provision for their old age.

*The Mistress of
"Pembroke's
Princely Dome."*

The Countess of Pembroke, who has been entertaining the Sovereign at Wilton House, "Pembroke's princely dome," as a delightful poet styled it, comes herself of a family much favoured by both their Majesties, for she is by birth one of the Ladies Lambton—a sister, that is, of Lord Durham and the Duchess of Leeds. Like the latter, Lady Pembroke has a charming literary gift, and she has written at least one delightful account of her beautiful home. Lady Pembroke has often acted as hostess to royalty, and last November she had the pleasure of welcoming to Wilton the German Emperor, who planted a cedar-tree in memory of his visit—similar mementos marking the sojourn at Wilton of several members of our own royal family. Lady Pembroke is devoted to the splendid gardens for which Wilton is famous, and it is perhaps thanks to her efforts that the kitchen gardens are in their own way quite as fascinating to the horticulturist as are the stately pleasaunces.

*A Little Friend
of the Queen.*

Miss Diamond Hardinge, the quaintly named daughter of the accomplished diplomatist who almost invariably accompanies the King on his

journeys abroad, is a favourite little friend of Queen Alexandra. Her Majesty has known Lady Hardinge from her birth, for she is the second daughter of the late Lord Alington, who was an intimate of both their

Majesties; and five years ago the Queen appointed Lady Hardinge a Lady of the Bed-chamber, while her son is one of the King's Pages.

*A Coming Ball
Hostess.*

Lady Fitzwilliam, who is giving a great ball on the 10th, has inherited her marked social gifts from her mother, Lady Zetland. It does not seem so very long ago since the marriage of Lord Milton to Lady Maud Dundas; she was a Midsummer's Day bride, and stately St. Paul's Cathedral was the scene of her bridal. But though she still looks quite young, and is an exceptionally good amateur actress, while as a dancer she is second to none, twelve long years have passed since her wedding day, and she is the mother of three daughters, who bid fair to be as beautiful as she is herself.

*An Elder Son's
Betrotal.*

The most important engagement of the season so far is undoubtedly that of Lord Villiers, the eldest son of the Earl of Jersey, and one of the keenest sportsmen in Society, to Lady Cynthia Needham, only daughter of Lord and Lady Kilmorey. Lady Cynthia is one of this year's most beautiful débutantes. She has inherited her intense love of music from both her parents, and she has a lovely voice, which has been carefully cultivated not only in England but also in Germany. She also shares her parents' and her fiancé's love of outdoor life, and when living in Ireland she rode regularly to hounds. Curiously enough, she once had a really bad accident when riding quietly in the Row.

*Lady Raglan and
her Manx Kitchen.*

Perhaps the most original and charming feature of the Fête of the Veterans, which is to be held in the lovely old Ranelagh Gardens, Chelsea, on July 7, will be the Manx kitchen, organised and presided over by Lady Raglan, the clever, popular wife of the Governor of the Isle of Man. The quaint and beautiful furnishings dear to the old-time Manx housewife will all be there, and a Manx cat of the tailless variety will be coaxed to sit at the big open hearth. The fête will last for three days.



THE GIVER OF A GREAT BALL ON
JULY 10: THE COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.

Photograph by Thomson.



SOCIETY ENGAGEMENT: VISCOUNT VILLIERS
AND LADY CYNTHIA NEEDHAM.

Photograph by Topical.



FRIENDS OF THE QUEEN: A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE
HON. LADY HARDINGE AND HER DAUGHTER,
DIAMOND.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO PRESIDE OVER A MANX KITCHEN AT THE
VETERANS' FÊTE, OLD RANELAGH GARDENS: LADY
RAGLAN, WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE
OF MAN.—[Photograph by Swaine.

THE PYGMALION OF OHIO: A MAYOR IN LOVE WITH AN IMAGE.



MR. CHARLES T. JOHNSTON WITH THE FIGURE, CARVED BY HIMSELF, WHICH REPRESENTS HIS IDEAL WOMAN.

Mr. Charles T. Johnston, Mayor of the little city of Enon, Ohio, carved the image here shown from a block of white pine. The figure represents his highest ideal of womanhood, and, Pygmalion-fashion, he is said to have fallen in love with the image he himself has created. He is said to have declared, further, that he will not marry until he finds a woman as good as the one symbolised by the statue. Mr. Johnston recently lectured on "The Brighter Life," using the figure, which was draped with flags, as an emblem of virtue. The Mayor is 51. Our information and photograph are from "Leslie's Weekly."



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Honour of Henley. Among the crowds at Henley this week there must be many Americans. They go there year after year, but they do not understand the principles on which it is run. The resident American possibly does, but certainly the scheme is beyond the comprehension of the myriad "doing Yurup." The American impression is that the "get-rich-quick" policy should extend to wealth in prizes as well as to dollars and more. And it was because they sent here a crew to put the theory in practice that there occurred a certain deplorable rift in the lute. Englishmen found fault with the amateur status of the Americans; the latter responded, through their Press, by charging the Henley officials with unfairness and dishonesty. The cream of their indictment gathered about the draw. As everyone interested in the subject is aware, slips bearing the names of the competitors are put into the Grand Cup. This is held aloft while someone draws forth the papers. Yet America holds that loaded dice were used for the purpose.

Fiction Outdone. Our luckless fellow-countrymen against whom the enmity of the Anarchists in India is directed must look out for methods of attack unknown elsewhere. No novelist has imagined more wildly improbable plots than the Indian is capable of producing for the perpetration of his villainies. The late Sir Montagu Gerard explained a time-honoured plan employed to this day by dacoits for entering a fortified place. In the silence of the night, when sentries doze upon their beats, an attacking party steals quietly to an apparently inaccessible part of the defences. They utilise a huge lizard called the gao, a beast measuring two feet in length, and possessing almost incredible prehensile power in its limbs. To this is hitched a rope of silk, and the lizard is compelled to mount the wall, urged on by spear-points. The lightest man of the party then ascends hand over hand by the cord attached to the lizard, and draws up behind him a rope ladder, by which his comrades follow. Sherlock Holmes never had to fathom a more amazing scheme of entry than that.

"After You With Your Skeleton."

The interesting collection of Nubian antiquities which the Egyptian Government has offered to the Royal College of Surgeons promises to yield new light upon the surgical knowledge of the ancient world. Naturally, the college has thankfully accepted the offer of the gift. Some of their treasures have come to them by less open and honest means. The immortal John Hunter, who made the College illustrious above all contemporary institutions, played the

body-snatcher. His victim was Charles Byrne, the Irish giant, whose skeleton now adorns the College collection. Byrne knew that if the great surgeon outlived him, there would be a danger of his (Byrne's) remains being seized by that distinguished inquirer. So when he felt that his end was near he gave instructions that his body should be carried out to sea and sunk in deep water. But Hunter made a countervailing move. By the expenditure of £500 he had the body of the giant conveyed, not out to sea, but into his surgery, and there, in next to no time, it was skeletonised, to become one of the prizes of the Royal College of Surgeons.

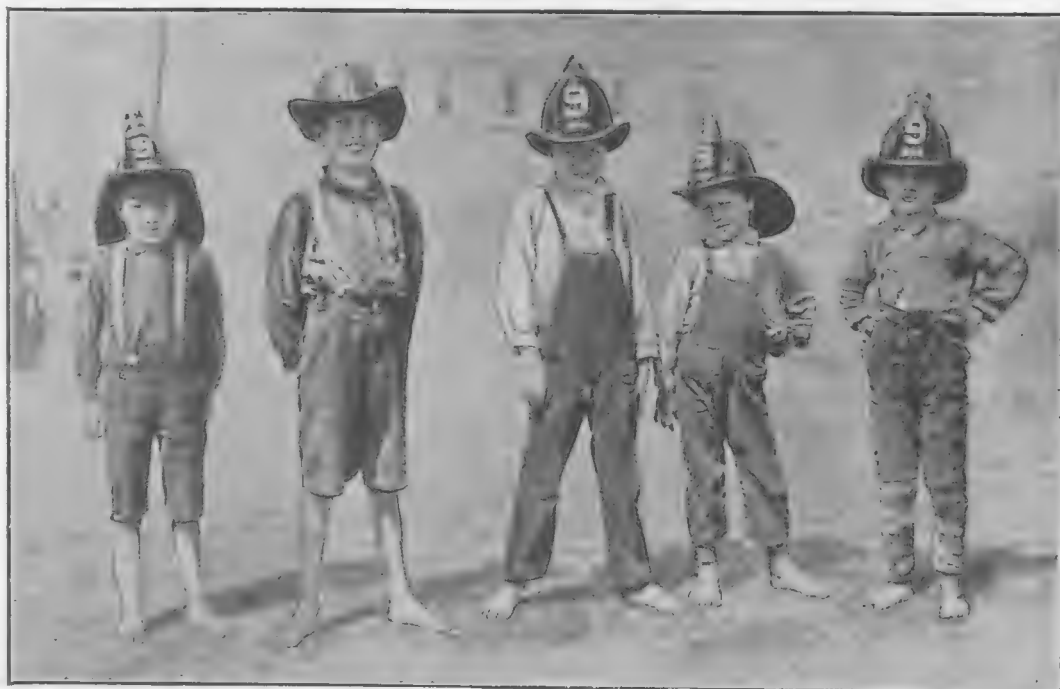
Taking Precautions.

When the "Terriers" get into camp we may expect to see work of a very realistic character: to the end that they may not suffer by comparison with the Volunteers whom they succeed. The thing can be too well done, even when Regulars are the performers, especially when leaders of rival forces disagree. It happened that the Colonel of a crack cavalry corps and the Major commanding a justly celebrated R.H.A. battery discussed the merits of their men so ardently that the Major swore that his battery could stop a cavalry charge merely by firing blank cartridges. Shortly afterwards, at a sham fight, the Colonel saw and seized an opportunity of attacking the doughty Major's guns. Now, instead of halting his men at the regulation distance, he galloped them up right on to the artillery. The gunners blazed away with their blank cartridges, and some of the horses took to flight. But the Colonel and a few good riders went on and came down with a crash right among the guns. The wily Major had guessed that the Colonel might do this thing, and had taken precautions. He had relied, not upon his fire, but upon cables. He had fastened ropes from gun to gun, and it was these that had upset the Colonel and his comrades.



A NOVEL FORM OF SCULPTURE: FROM DEATH'S HEAD TO SPEAKING LIKENESS

The head is taken from the Bach monument in Leipzig. It was modelled by Herr His, Professor of Anatomy, and by the sculptor, Professor Seffner. The skull, discovered in 1894, formed the groundwork of the head for the statue.



HII HIII HIIII: A BOYS' VOLUNTEER FIRE-BRIGADE AT SEATTLE.

Photograph by "Leslie's Weekly."

Breakfast-Cup Baths.

The gentlemen who, finding London water dear, propose to wash in champagne, will receive enthusiastic encouragement from the wine-merchants. Other people driven to economy in the matter of water have managed the thing at less cost than champagne, even of the most modest brand, threatens to involve. Miss Alice Balfour, for example, when crossing the "Thirst-Land," in Bechuanaland,

in her ox-wagon, dispensed with streams of nectar for her toilet, and made shift with very little of the natural fluid. There was just a cupful, black with mud, available for four-and-twenty hours. In that cupful the sister of the present leader of the Opposition performed her ablutions.

LET NOT POT CALL PAN BLACK.



THE REV. AFFABLE: Excuse me, Sir; one of the er—er—Pan-Anglicans, I presume?
THE STRANGER: No, Sah; me no pan, Sah; me rather considerable big pot, Sah.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS ADA REEVE has recently been relating some early experiences of the hardships she endured as a child, when she and her father travelled together, singing once in the streets of a town on the South Coast, because during their last engagement their salary had not been paid, and they were without another engagement.

On another occasion, some years before that, Mr. Reeve played in equal hard luck, having for his colleague in distress Mr. Arthur Williams. They were both members of a theatrical company at Bury St. Edmunds. The public did not frequent the wretched little theatre which the town then boasted, and the manager could not pay the salaries of the company. Mr. Williams and Mr. Reeve lived from hand to mouth for the best part of a week, though there was more hand than mouth in the living. One night, however, the theatre was let to an amateur

company, which gave "Box and Cox" as part of the programme. In that famous farce, as *Sketch* readers are aware, one of the characters has a chop and the other a rasher of bacon. With a realism which could not be too highly commended under the circumstances, the amateurs had a real chop and a real rasher. When the curtain fell Mr. Williams and Mr. Reeve made a dash for the eatables. Mr. Williams was unlucky and only got the rasher. Together, the two young men then made a raid on the "rain-box"—a long, hollow, wooden receptacle with a parchment cover at each end, in which the falling of peas simulates rain. They tore open the parchment, abstracted the peas, took them home and boiled them. With the rasher and the chop they made a meal which seemed a banquet to those two exceedingly hungry young actors. Happily, these early hardships in no way injured Mr. Williams's health.

Mr. Arthur Applin, the well known author-actor, who, for the sake of being with his wife, Miss Edyth Olive, is at present travelling in the United States, where he is incidentally writing a great deal, had a decidedly amusing experience a short time ago, when in Denver. He went to a big sporting store to buy some guns for a shooting trip in the Rockies. The assistant who served him recognised at once that he was an Englishman, and curious as to who and what Mr. Applin was, at last discovered his relation to Miss Edyth Olive, who was acting at one of the theatres in "The Great Divide," with Mr. Henry Miller. He then drew Mr. Applin's attention to a photograph of a very fine black bass, weighing six-and-a-quarter pounds, which he had lately caught. As it was the largest on record near Denver, it had brought him a great deal of local fame, and he begged Mr. Applin to go to the taxidermist's a few blocks away to see the fish, which had been "set up." When the actor had finished his purchases the shopman said very earnestly, "Now don't you forget to go in and have a look at that black bass of mine, and I will go up to the theatre and have a look at your wife." The bass was a splendid fish, but Mr. Applin did not hear what the salesman thought of Miss Olive.

Mr. Shiel Barry, who has made so many successes as a member of

Mr. Lewis Waller's company—to which he has just added another in "The Explorer"—had a decidedly humorous beginning to his career. He was still in his teens when he was asked to play Sebastian in "Twelfth Night" at a lunatic asylum somewhere in the wilds of the South Eastern district. His first disillusion came at the first rehearsal, when he was introduced to the Viola, his sister, whom he found "unnecessarily aged and quite uncomfortably plain." On the evening of the performance the costumier failed to provide Sebastian's garments, and, in despair, the Viola made attempts of the most incoherent nature to find something for him to wear to suggest the costume she was wearing, so that the two characters might be speaking pictures of each other. Eventually Mr. Barry, or rather Sebastian, was arrayed in a doublet made of a lady's pink-flannel dressing-jacket with leg-of-mutton sleeves; a resplendent table-cloth was swathed around his legs to do duty for the shapely long hose of the picturesque period, and on his head was "an abandoned disorder of golden hair, unfeelingly insistent in colour." Thus arrayed, however, the actor had to go through his part.

The unusual introduction of a straight song, and a contralto song at that, into a Gaiety play has been attended by singular success by reason of the way in which Miss Jessie Broughton sings it. She is one of the few artists associated with lighter musical work who aspires to grand opera, a precedent for which is found in the case of Miss Alice Nielsen. Miss Broughton, who is no relation to Miss Phyllis Broughton, is one of Mr. George Edwardes's discoveries, for some four years ago he sent her to study with Mme. Eugene Oudin, and then put her into "The Girl from Kay's." When "Madame Sherry" was produced she was given a solo, and when the late Miss Rosina Brandram fell ill during the run of "Véronique," although that lamented artist's part was given to Miss Lottie Venne, her song was sung by Miss Broughton, who made a great success with it; and when the Empire was opened, the solo of "God Save the King" was entrusted to her. The young artist is an accomplished pianist, and sings a great deal at various entertainments to her own accompaniment; while she has recently composed three short songs, which have been sung on several occasions by Miss Evie Greene.



A TOURING NEWSPAPER BEAUTY IN "HAVANA," AT THE GAIETY.

Miss Phyllis Barker is one of the chorus of touring newspaper beauties.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



THE MAUD ALLAN OF STOCKHOLM: MISS HARRIET BOSSE.

If one may judge from the Stockholm newspapers, Sweden has gone Salome-mad over the acting of Miss Harriet Bosse, who is said to be making a fortune by the play. A magnificent actress, Miss Bosse has shared with many well-known footlight favourites of other lands the varied fortunes and ups and downs of married life. She was the third wife of the celebrated Scandinavian author, August Strindberg, who, however, recently divorced, her as he had already done the two previous Mrs. Strindbergs.

Photograph by the E.N.A.



AFTER THE MERRY WIDOW—THE MAN WITH THE THREE WIVES; A SCENE FROM FRANZ LEHAR'S OPERA AS IT IS PLAYED IN GERMANY.

A FINISHING TOUCH AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH.



IRISH FOREMAN (*to applicant for work*): Sure 'an there was only one vacancy at present, and that's filled; but the man we've got here to-day hasn't turned up—so if he doesn't come to-morrow we shall send him home again—after which—b' jabbers, there you are!

(*This may possibly account for the incomplete state of the Exhibition.—ED.*)

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

PROCESSIONS and public meetings have their accidental usefulness in familiarising the public with the faces of famous men. Great men get great recognition in these days, but it is not the recognition of the street. I have seen Mr. Gladstone walk down Piccadilly almost unrecognised, for though his face was familiar, his figure was unknown. People expected to see a man of heroic frame, and the shrunken old man did not answer to the impression given by the photographs. For very much the same reason, Tennyson could pass incognito in a crowd; I have seen him walk along the Strand, a little taken aback, it may be, by being taken no notice of. In the Isle of Wight, when people turned after him, he was very wroth. When they didn't he was equally displeased. "They don't know who I am," he growled forth during a morning walk with a friend, when two girls passed him by with hardly a glance and with no backward-turning of their pretty heads. If you did not make a lion of him, at least you made him a bear.

Mr. Zangwill drove to the Sunday Suffrage Demonstration in Hyde Park. He sat on the box-seat of a coach drawn by four white horses; and a man who does that cannot complain of the general stare. He is there to be seen. And Mr. Zangwill had greetings sufficiently numerous to prove that a Man of Letters who is also an excellent platform speaker has many acquaintances in a London crowd. "Zangwill!" shouted a man here and a man there and men in a dozen directions, as the imperturbable face of the novelist came into view. His is, perhaps, the gravest face in England, and its gravity gives a further point to the fine humour which his speech displays and his countenance belies. Mr. Zangwill is an ardent supporter of Votes for Women. Usually he spends his Sundays in the country, but on Suffrage Sunday not wild roses could draw him there.

It has been well said of a certain class of poets that they set forth second-hand amours. They treat the attachments of other people as if they were their own, and weep in ink over disappointments they have never experienced. Very different is it with "George Knott," author of "The Hidden World," a little volume of prose and verse just published by Mr. Elkin Mathews. The verses are a little artificial in form; they are after Heine; but the sentiment rings true. It goes to the heart because it comes from the heart; and there are particularly fine passages of prose in the "Argument." I note that Lord Morley does not fare very well at the hands of the younger poets. Here is Mr. Knott protesting in the name of native races against the Secretary of State

for India's allusion to "impatient idealists." Disraeli used to say that when he had the poets with him he was happy. But Mr. Knott tells us that it is now easy enough to shut the gates of mercy on mankind "provided they are closed by Secretaries of State with dignified and even charming explanations." Mr. Morley, by the way, has allowed the imprisonment in India of an editor for quoting some verses from another English poet, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. These occur in "The Wind and the Whirlwind," a poem written in protest against the English occupation of Egypt, and vastly approved and admired by Herbert Spencer.

The question of holiday reading is very crudely dealt with, it seems to me, by the liberated Londoner who hustles novels of country life into his portmanteau and "The Open Road" into his coat-pocket. It is good to bring a breeze of light and spring air into your office while you are still a Cockney, by reading Stevenson's description of a Barbizon dawn; it is better to read of Wordsworth's daffodils from the couch than when you are walking among hedges of wild roses.

The fact is that the country suffices: wild roses need no book, and you have your sermons in the stones of the road. Hobbes' "Leviathan," or Browne's "Urn Burial," or the elegant urbanities of Walpole's Letters are more recreative after a day in the fields than your landscape-school of writers. If you have bathed in the stream at the end of your garden in the morning, picked lettuces for your lunch, taken your tea from a bottle in a hayfield, and matched your lighted cigarette against the stars and the glow-worms in the evening, you will have no need of the anthologies. Lady Blessington in the "Keepsake," even,

will be readable under such circumstances, for she will have the charm of a complete incongruity.

In like manner, the author himself is often fond of making his literature the antithesis of his life. In the current number of the *Cornhill Magazine* Mr. E. V. Lucas considers Francis Thompson as the maker of cricket verse. Now Francis Thompson never had the arm of a batsman; and while his enthusiasm for the game was intense, he did not trouble to visit Lord's more than ten times in twenty years, although his lodging was hard by. And when there, a packet of books under his arm, an ulster covering his thin form on the hottest day, he might well have been thought of, by the casual observer, as the last man in London likely to have the heart of the cricketer. But there it was, large in his narrow chest, and his cricket verses have no parallel in the literature of the game.

M. E.



[DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.]

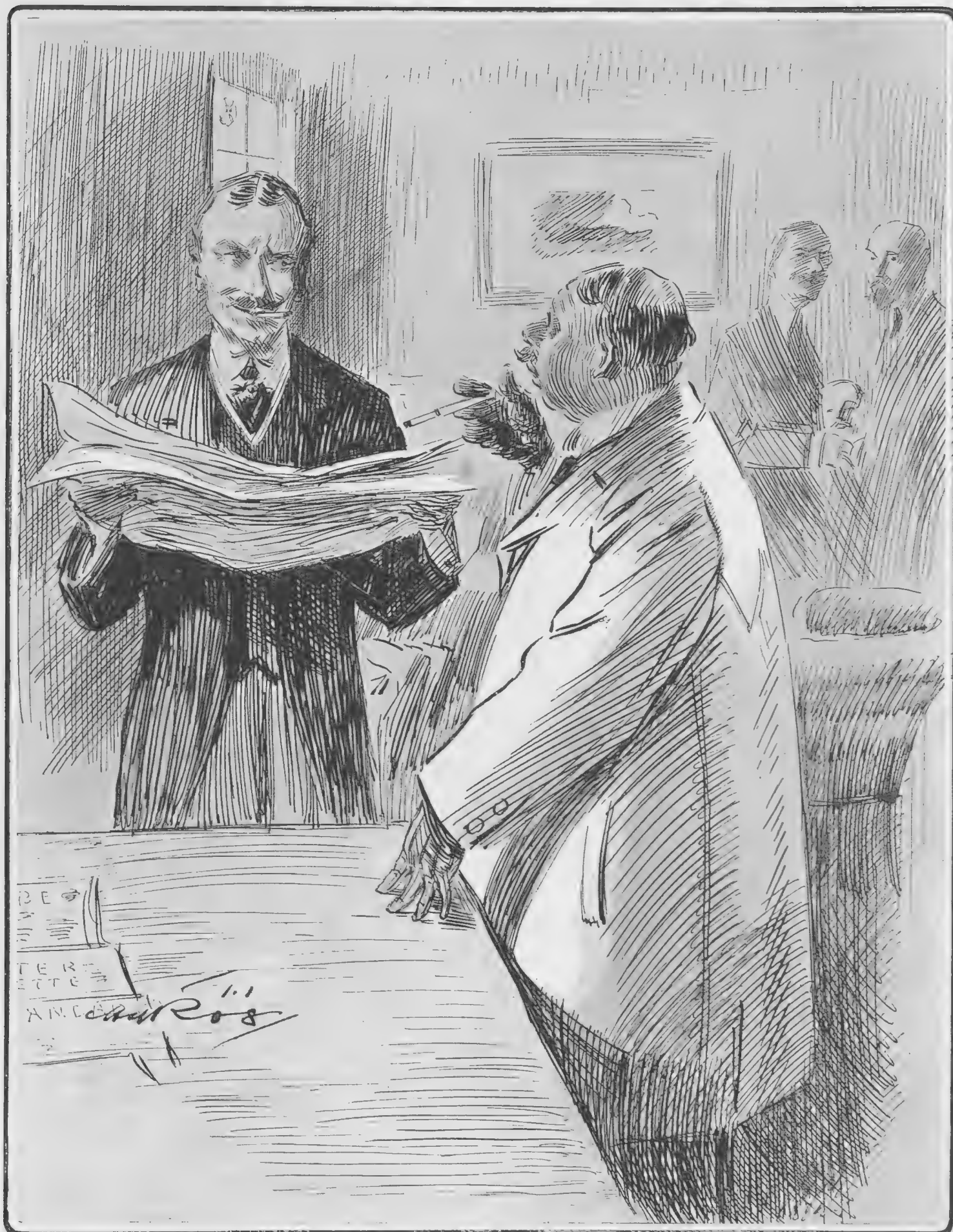
LUCKY TO GET AWAY.

FIRST BURGLAR: Well, did yer get anyfink?

SECOND BURGLAR (*disgustedly*): Nah! the bloke wot lives 'ere is a lawyer.

FIRST BURGLAR: That's 'ard luck. Did yer lose anyfink?

A GRAND SLAM AT THE CLUB.

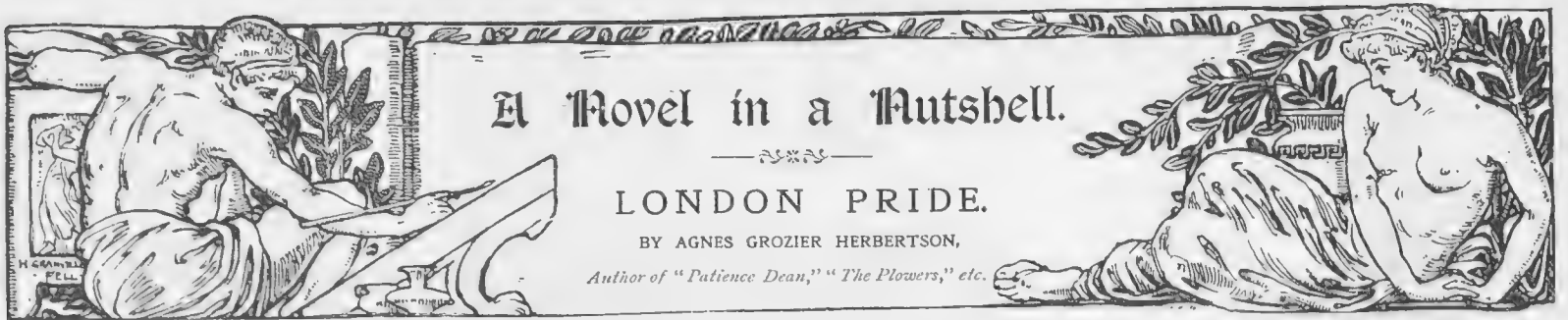


NEW MEMBER (*inadvertently elected, and of rising unpopularity, to Committee-man*): Look here, I've been insulted in this club.

A member offered me a hundred pounds this afternoon if I would resign. I must do something—what would you advise?

MEMBER OF COMMITTEE: I'd hang on for a few days if I were you. You'll get a better price.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



THE house was the first in a little row of cottages which, jutting out unexpectedly, made the wide road into two narrower thoroughfares. There was a tiny garden in front of it, its plots outlined in white sea-shells. The side-plots were green with ferns, broad-leaved and narrow, curling back into the shade, or thrusting long, fierce tongues into the light; but the centre plot was a tangle of wind-blown glamorous pink—it was full of London Pride.

There were three windows in front of the house—one below and two above. The blind of the lower window was half-drawn. The window held a heterogeneous collection of articles, covered over imperfectly by a striped green cloth, to escape the rays of the sun. One caught a glimpse of pink worsted, small china dolls in sore need of costume, packets of pins, sweetmeats, and the edge of a tobacco-jar. Above the narrow doorway was this legend—

THOMAS DAY,
GENERAL DEALER.

He was an old fellow, with straight white hair, and blue eyes which were oddly limpid and childlike. As he sat on his wooden stool behind the counter, he knitted. His eyes were bent on the needles, not as if the gnarled hands needed supervision, but as if the worker took a childish delight in his task. He was knitting a brown sock. A pair of similar socks were pinned on a string across the window; there was a ticket upon them, scrawled in a shaky hand, notifying that they were "Sold."

The shop-door lay open, and a sweet breeze blew in, not violent, but cool, as it seemed, with the coolness of the ferns. There was not a sound in the street—of voice or step. The children were still at school; the housewives were tidying themselves before tea. One might well suppose that the old dealer sat in his shop, not because he expected to do business, but because he preferred to sit there.

After a time he dropped his work upon the counter, and going down a step into the back room, set a kettle on the fire there. It was very warm; the glare of the sun seemed to be everywhere. He pushed open the window of the room and pulled the green blind partially down. The air seemed to stir then. He went back to the shop, moving with the quiet deliberation of the aged.

There had been a step in the street, and as he resumed his seat it paused at the little gate of the garden. The gate creaked, and the step came on. It was weak, undecided, dragging.

"'Tain't a Cuverley step," said the old man. He leant back to peer through the window. But he missed the newcomer's approach, and as he peered the woman, dragging herself over the stone step, entered the shop.

She made a shadow in the doorway; the old eyes came travelling back to find it. They wandered over the woman's draggled dress, then rested on her face.

Something troubled their limpid peace; the old man stared, then stared again. The brown wool dropped from his hands. He said quaveringly, "Keziah."

The woman laughed. "Yes," she said, "it's me. I've come back."

She said no more, but stood before him, her faded eyes holding him with a kind of empty boldness, her hands lying by her sides, her grey hair in strands round her meagre face, as if it had been beaten by the rain. There was something indefinably shameless about the woman's attitude, as if the onlooker were invited to look and see the worst; as if what he saw mattered nothing to the woman who thus displayed herself.

She said with nothing but weariness in her voice, "Well?"

The limpidity of the blue eyes remained unbroken. What she had so brazenly flaunted, he could not see; perhaps she knew it.

He said quaveringly, "Don't stand nigh agin them tins—they be floury. It ain't easy to get flour off of black."

"Ain't it?" she laughed. "It be harder to get black off of white." She stared at him boldly. "Ain't it, Thomas?"

He smiled, a little foolishly—he did not understand. "You kin wash white," he muttered.

She shrank then, almost as if he had struck her. The old man noticed the movement, and misinterpreted it. He said, "No one won't come in, but I'll shut the door."

He moved round the counter, with that same quiet deliberation, so unlike her shuffling, tired tread, and pushed the door shut. After a moment's hesitation, he turned the key.

The woman faced him. The shadow was kinder to her face than the sunlight had been: the eyes appeared less bold. There was wonder in her glance, almost confusion. "You ain't—you ain't meanin' me to stay?"

He gave her the wide, perplexed survey of a child. "You said—Ain't you come back?"

"My God!" broke out she, with sudden vehemence. She advanced close to him, scanned his face. The amazement in her own did not die. She fell back, turning her head away. "Yes, I have come back," she muttered.

He said, in a blind kind of way, as if he had to look too far back to catch his thoughts, "I used to wait for you—ay, I did. There were times when I a'most thought I heerd your feet. . . . Odd as I didn't know to-day—" He broke off, looking at her piteously.

The look forced her eyes, against her will. She muttered, "I ha' grown heavy-footed, no doubt. Lunnon streets—"

"I've heerd tell," he said carefully, "as they be tiring. They be less freshsome, I'd say, nor a country road."

"Ay," said she bitterly, "that they be."

He moved past her to the door of the inner room. He opened it and peered in; then he looked back. "Kettle be 'most boiling."

She followed him. Her first movement in the room was to the window. She pulled the blind quickly up, stood and stared into the triangular patch, with its marigolds, heart's-ease, and cabbages. She loosened the shabby strings of her bonnet, and thrust them back as if she choked.

"It ain't changed much," she said.

"No, it ain't much," said he.

"There be Lunnon Pride in that corner—just as there used to be."

"It allus throve wi' you and me. It be a sweet blossom. You was partial to it, Keziah" he said garrulously.

"Yes." She turned from the window and let herself drop, as if wearied out, on the dingy ottoman.

He looked at her across the table blankly. "That be your chair, Keziah—theer by the fire."

She rose and took the seat to which he motioned. She set a foot on the fender and dropped her chin into her palm. "Ay, 'twas here I used to sit and wait for th' kettle to boil. I thought it took a long time to come to th' boiling. I thought that were th' country way." She laughed shortly.

The old fellow opened a drawer and brought out a cloth. He spread it laboriously on the table, smoothing out the folds with his gnarled hands. "Th' same kettle'll take the same time to come to th' boil, country or town," said he.

She shook her head quickly. Then she smiled, looking at him almost with pity in her eyes. "You don't hanker after th' town," she said. "You never heerd it callin', callin', same as I."

"No," he said slowly. "Cuverley be long time from Lunnon town—nigh a morn's journey. You ain't able to hear no call."

(Continued overleaf.)

"MORE WOEFUL PAGEANTS."

—MUCH AFTER SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY VI."



BROWN (returning home after highly successful wind-up of the Pibley Pageant, to Vicar's Wife): What ho, thou saucy minion! Tarry, wanton one, I—hic—would fain hold c-converse with thee touching—hic—ye n-n-nearesht route to mine n-ancestralabode!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

"I heerd it." She turned on him fiercely: he paused on his way to the cupboard to meet her eyes, feverish still, though the colour in them had faded out, perhaps in gazing at strange sights, perhaps in tears. "I heerd it," she repeated the words. "I heerd it, and I went away. How long since, Thomas?"

"Close on thirty year."

"Thirty years!—'twas a strong grip as it took on me!" She stared moodily at him.

He smiled uncomprehendingly. "Ay, it be nigh on thirty year."

She said, "You ain't understanding—you ain't able. It be for all the world like that theer Lunnon Pride."

"It be a simple blossom," he said; "I like it well."

"It be full o' witchery and glamour," said she. "It be full o' charms and voices a-calling. Pride o' Lunnon—it be well called! When I seed it through the window, old days, I seed bonnets a-nodding, and gay feathers flying. I heerd that call come clear as clear—as clear as the call of a bird. 'An' I seed Lunnon streets—I'd to leave the kettle a-boiling, and be off to Lunnon town." Her reverie deepened: she stared into the flames as if she saw in them the vision of which she spoke.

He said, smiling at her gently, "You ha' come back."

"Lunnon be a cruel place!" she cried.

"It ain't for simple folk. There be crafty men there, I've heerd tell," said he. He brought a jar of honey from the cupboard and set it on the table. Beside it he laid a platter bearing a coarse brown loaf. The milk he brought out had thick cream on it, and the pat of butter was fresh and sweet.

The woman looked at the table. She said sharply, "There be white as you can't wash clean, once it be smirched." She laughed. "You don't know naught about that, Thomas?"

"No," he said simply.

Looking at him, perhaps she wondered that they had ever been contemporaries, he and she, husband and wife. Soiled with the grime of the great city, worn out with its passions, she found him little more than a white-haired babe. She was aged, through and through. Even to the call of London her ears were dim. But her heart could remember how sweet that call had been.

She said, "You ain't understanding why I went away."

He moved the cups to set them more straightly side by side. "You telled me you had to go."

A faint flush tinged her waxen cheek, then faded. She said, "You don't pick buttercups an' daisies in Lunnon—you sees odd things, too. I ha' tried my hand at most things—I ha' done more nor one thing as you know naught of. You wouldn't understand. I ain't been no saint." She lay back, and the waxen tint of her face seemed to run over her body; her soiled fingers, resting on the chair-arms, seemed to pale under their grime. "I ain't pullin' a poor mouth," she said faintly. "I has had my day."

"You be wearied out," he said. His tone was stiffly tender; it was so long since he had had a chance to care for her. He made tea deftly in a tiny brown pot. She remembered it. Things did not wear out in Caverley; if she stayed here—and she meant to stay—she would be good for another ten or fifteen years.

He did not offer to pour out the tea, and in response to the expectation which was so evident in him, she moved to the head of the table and sat down by the tea-tray. Her soiled fingers played round the white cups with their garlands of roses. She looked at them once with a careless smile.

She drank her tea, but would eat nothing. The old man said anxiously, "Ain't you hungry, Keziah? There be them little cakes in th' shop as you used to fancy—" He half rose.

But she waved him back, with a tired impatience. "I ha' been too long on the road. Let me be."

Afterwards, when she was alone in the tiny bedroom above, with its spotless muslin curtains and prim furniture, she brought a bottle from her pocket and drank feverishly. She muttered, "I be 'most played out this time; it were a near go." She pulled off her dusty bonnet, and cast it on a chair.

The bed with its white quilt seemed to amuse her. She leant against the end of it and laughed consumedly, the colour which the brandy had brought into them still in her cheeks.

But she stripped the quilt back and took off her broken boots before she lay down, her black skirts, bedraggled and dusty, spread over the bed.

When Thomas came stealthily up to look at her she was asleep. He went to the window and pulled the blind down with his tremulous

fingers. There was still a lingering sunlight, but the heat of the day was past.

She lay heavily, like a log, as if the tired limbs were incapable of restlessness. The old man watched her for a moment or two, then his glance went round the room, full of pity and regret. "I kep' this room same as she liked it for twenty year an' more, waiting for her. It be changed now—an' she ha' come."

He went away. When he came back he carried a thick green vase, in which waved a spangled nosegay of London Pride. He set it upon the table by the window.

The woman on the bed still slept heavily. He glanced at her, then propped the door open. He began to remove, slowly and stealthily, various articles from the room. He carried away the narrow mirror which hung on the wall, a pipe-rack, a little hanging shelf covered with odds and ends, various circulars which were pinned above the mantelpiece, a wooden chair or two. When these were gone he brought in a looking-glass on a stand, which he set on the dressing-table, a crowd of mats of coloured wool, dingy and faded—these he scattered about the room. He changed the position of various things in the room. That was difficult, and he was full of glee when the sleeper gave no sign of awakening.

"It be coming round to what it were," he muttered as he looked about—"it be coming round."

He hung a festoon of muslin over the top of the looking-glass. Then he left the room, and journeyed down to the shop; when he came back, he tied the muslin in the middle with a great bow of gorgeous pink ribbon. He set the London Pride near. The effect was good, he considered; but he was not troubling so much about that. "It be like what she had—as like as life," he thought.

He hung a variety of coloured texts on the walls—their nails were still there. He had sometimes to consider, pausing, the text in his hand, which was the right spot. It was so long ago—thirty years.

Her basket-chair was brought in and set by the bed. It was old and battered, its cushions were gone. He could do nothing to it, he reflected sorrowfully. Anyway, it was hers.

"She kin make cushions: she were handy with her fingers"—the thought brought comfort. He gave a last slow glance round the room. When she awakened, she would think she was back in the old times, that she had dreamt of London and the London ways. He closed the door softly, and went downstairs.

There were little changes to be made there, too, and he made them, but wearily; his small store of strength was at an end. He sat in his armchair and waited for her to come down after her nap. But the waiting became intolerable: time passed so slowly. He left the back room, and went into the shop.

Without unlocking the shop-door, he climbed upon his stool and lifted his knitting. He sat there, his head bent, putting in stitch after stitch.

The light began to go. He scarcely needed it in his occupation, which had become mechanical; but absently, from habit, he drew up the window-blind. Habit touched him again, and he took off the cloth which had been covering his wares. As he stood folding it, his eye wandered. It found the centre plot in the garden, and rested upon the London Pride, full of mystery and allurements in the half-shade.

He saw it with simplicity; but words of hers returned to him. "When I seed it through the window—I heerd that call come, clear as clear."

He could not understand why she had gone; but she had said that the little pink flower had helped her to go. And he had set it on her dressing-table—London Pride! Suppose she awakened . . . and went?

He climbed the stair so quickly that he was out of breath when he reached the room. He paused by the door with a beating heart. Here was glamour and witchery, she had said—and of such things he knew naught.

Pushing the door open, he went into the room. He need not have feared: she still lay on the bed. The London Pride wavered on the breeze that blew from under the window-blind. It was odd, but now it seemed to him that it was calling.

He stood irresolute by the bed. There was a sharp silence in the room—a sweet, cold silence. He noticed it now. It did not puzzle him. It was one of the simple things of life, and he understood.

He leant over the bed. "Keziah," he said sorrowfully, laying his hand against her still cheek.

He knew that she would never leave Caverley now.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MR. ALBERT BRUCE-JOY, who has been honoured with sittings from the King for a statue of his Majesty to be set up at Manchester University, is the elder brother of Mr. G. W. Joy, the well-known painter. They are the sons of an eminent doctor in Dublin, a man who occupied a distinguished position in the most intellectual society of the Irish capital. A pupil of Foley, Mr. Albert Bruce-Joy (he has adopted the hyphenated name) has travelled a good deal in America, where his biggest work, in both senses of the word, is a colossal lion at Lowell, Boston.

"Half Frankau." Mrs. Frankau's recent appearance in the Law Courts, coming so soon after her action against Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., makes her as well known by her own name as by the pseudonym under which she writes. As "Frank Danby" she appeals to a very wide circle. It was only by a printer's blunder



OF NO USE NOWADAYS: THE WEEPING-CROSS AT RIPLEY, YORKSHIRE, WORN BY THE KNEES OF REPENTANT SINNERS.

The cross known as the weeping-cross at Ripley is believed to be the only one in the kingdom. At this place penitents knelt to pray and weep, and the stones are worn with the imprint of their knees.—[Photograph by Knowles.]

that she came by that name. When first casting about for a pseudonym, the one upon which she decided was "Frank Demi," a punning version of her surname—half Frankau. By any other style she must have succeeded just as well, for her books depend upon no name. There is abundant talent in her family. Her brother, the late "Owen Hall," and her sister, Mrs. Aria, guide, philosopher and friend of dressy women, had attendant fairies at their birth. Mrs. Frankau's reputation does not depend upon her novels. Her writings on art are enshrined in volumes dear to the connoisseur and bibliophile, and the day will probably come when first editions of her fiction will command a price.

Means and Method.

One of the most deservedly popular women in England, in Lady Wantage, enters with the first day of July upon a new year of her life. That her days may be long in the land is the sincere wish of the many who know by personal acquaintance and by repute of the golden deeds by which her career has been marked. Her father, the late Baron Overstone, used pleasantly to

boast that he lived upon the income of the income of his income. Lady Wantage does not do that. Her benefactions make such economy impossible. Ten thousand pounds, of the money necessary for erecting the collegiate buildings at Reading, for the endowment of which Mr. George Palmer gave £50,000, came from Lady Wantage's purse, and other of her gifts are to be traced in London and Northants. It was long her custom to pay a round of visits to her Northamptonshire tenants, but as infirmity prevented her doing so this year, the farmers and others all had their photographs taken, made them up into the nicest album, and presented it to their good landlady. The famous "three-toed horse" at the Natural History Museum came from Lady Wantage's stud.

But me no Buts. Once again the turn of the political tide has made Mr. W. J. Bryan a man of the hour. The chance to refuse the £200,000 impudently offered him as inducement to be content with nomination for the Vice-Presidency will do him no harm, though his chance for the higher office is of the slenderest. Probably he knows it. He is rather the despair of the American journalist, for so few stories cling about his name. He knows that too. As if a little to lighten the lot of the men who write about him, he has set one story in circulation of his very own accord. It is the story of his going to protest against a goat of which he was the proprietor being assessed at £5, a very ordinary, cheap sort of goat. A pleasant old man received him, and proceeded to look up regulations. "Does your goat run loose on the roads?" he asked. The silver-tongued orator admitted that it did. "Does it butt?" was the next question; and Mr. Bryan agreed that occasionally, under provocation, it might. "Then I'm sorry to say I can't help you," said the veteran assessor. "The rule says that we must tax all property running and abutting on the highway." And the man who would be lord of his land paid the assessment.



THE HERO OF A RAGGING CASE RAGGED BY THE MOORS: MR. CLARK KENNEDY KIDNAPPED BY MOORISH BRIGANDS.

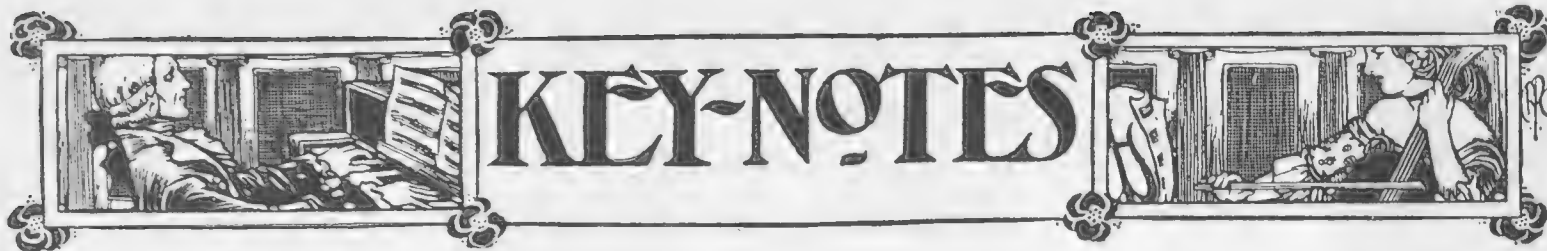
The portrait is that of Mr. Clark Kennedy, who figured in a famous ragging case in the Guards. He has been kidnapped by brigands in Morocco. It is understood that he will be held to ransom, and the British authorities have instructed their representatives to do everything in their power for his release. The Government, however, recently announced that it would not advance the money to ransom British subjects in Morocco.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



A NEW GOLF-COURSE NEAR LONDON: TAYLOR AND VARDON FINISHING THE OPENING MATCH ON HAREWOOD DOWNS.

Photograph by Sport and General.



MR. ARTHUR PAYNE, the leader of the London Symphony Orchestra, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Ernest Ford as conductor of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society. He has had a great deal of experience, and was one of the shining lights of Mr. Henry Wood's orchestra until the London Symphony

Orchestra came into existence. The conductor's desk has no novelty for him, for he has been in charge of the Stock Exchange Orchestra for some time past, and has even directed his brethren of the London Symphony. Mr. Payne's musical gifts are many, and his friends will wish him all success in his new post. Doubtless he will achieve much if he can but keep a sufficiently tight hold upon his baton to make it impossible for it to run away with him.

The late Jacques Blumenthal was a good friend to musicians throughout his life, and his kindness has stretched beyond the grave. His bequests to music and education

amount to nearly a quarter of his estate, and some are very happily chosen. In addition to a specific bequest of two thousand pounds to the Royal Society of Musicians for charitable purposes, there is a further grant of two thousand for the Widows and Orphans Fund of the Society, to be payable if the residue of the composer's estate is large enough. The Incorporated Society of the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College, the Normal College at Norwood, the British and Foreign Musicians' Society, all benefit considerably by Mr. Blumenthal's will, and it may be said that he has made handsome acknowledgment of the good-will displayed to him when he was a stranger in the land. *O si sic omnes.*

Presumably we owe the revival of Bizet's "Pearl-Fishers" to the presence in London of Mme. Tétrazini, for the part of Leila is said to be one of her favourite ones, and certainly the composer must have written the finale to the first act for such a voice as hers. Covent Garden rose to the height of the occasion, and was lavish in the matter of new dresses and new scenery, while Mme. Tétrazini sang her music in far more effective fashion than on Gala night, when the general conditions may not have been quite favourable to singers. Bonci was the Nadir, Sammarco the Zurga, and M. Marcoux, who is improving at a great pace, sang the Nurabad music. It is impossible to believe that "The Pearl-Fishers" would exist to-day if Bizet had not written "Carmen," though some of the melodious songs might have found some respite from oblivion on the concert-platform; but, if it is to be revived, it is certainly satisfactory to find the revival carried out so well.

Signor Campanini will direct a performance of the Wilde-Strauss opera, "Salomé," in the autumn at the Manhattan Opera

House, in New York, but London is condemned to lose one of the most remarkable operatic works of modern times. And yet there are "Salomé" dances and dancers appearing nightly on the music-halls and giving their performance unchecked under conditions and amid surroundings that, with one exception, cannot compare favourably with those that obtain at our Opera House. It would be exceedingly difficult for any censor to intervene now without making his office supremely ridiculous, and it seems a thousand pities that the Grand Opera Syndicate does not take its courage in both hands and give us the opera. Campanini knows the score from the first bar to the last; Emma Destinn is one of the great exponents of the name-part.

In these days, when competition on the concert platform has grown to such an alarming extent, the simpler gifts of singers do not suffice to attract an audience. The artist who would face a crowded house must display a large measure of intelligence as a supplement to musical gifts; he must satisfy the mind while he stimulates the ear. No singer realises the existing conditions

BERMUDA'S "JOE," DRAMATIC AUTHOR: MR. ERNEST TRIMMINGHAM.

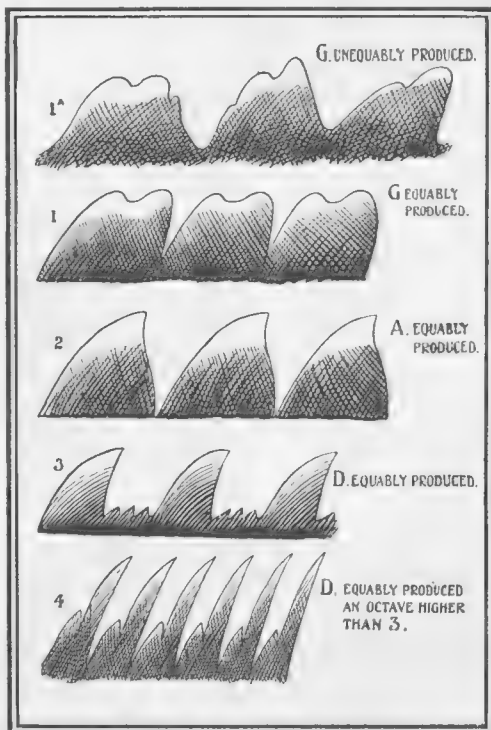
Mr. Trimmingham is the originator and part-author of "The Belle of Bermuda," a musical play which is to be produced in London later in the year by the Vaudeville enterprises. He is famous in Bermuda for the impersonation of statesmen, in consequence of which the officers of Bermuda know him as "Joe."

Photograph by Folker.

better than Mr. Ernest Sharpe, who has taken the music of all countries to be his province, and in the course of a long and interesting series of recitals has shown that he is a serious and accomplished scholar as well as a musician of considerable attainments. He has proved that it is possible in these days to make up interesting programmes consisting entirely of English and American songs, and that slowly but surely the ballad that suffered from sentimentality in excess is giving place to better things.

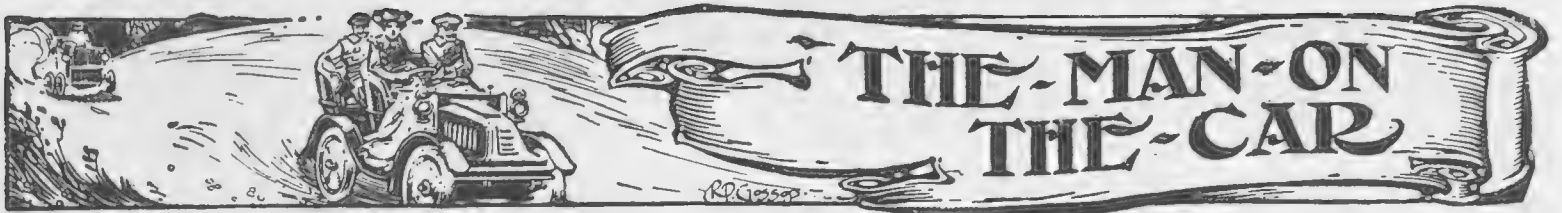
The appearance in London of Paderewski is a rare event nowadays, and it is an odd coincidence that he and the other great Polish pianist, Vladimir de Pachmann, should make their one appearance of the season within four days of one another. They have little in common—indeed, no Poles are farther asunder—but each is a master, even though the passage of the years leaves its unmistakable traces upon the work of both. Paderewski has always given the appearance of a man who lives in a world of art and sees life like a dream; he has the aloofness of a Rubinstein or a Liszt; while Pachmann is, of course, built on very different lines, and if he were not at liberty to address his audience, would probably refuse to play a note. Paderewski's recital proved beyond doubt that he is still to many musical people the great musician of our time, and many who are disposed to disagree with his readings unite with the rest in acknowledging that the piano under his hands becomes the most eloquent of all instruments.

COMMON CHORD.



NOT SHARK'S-TEETH, BUT YOUR OWN SWEET VOICE: HOW TO SING AND SPEAK PERFECTLY.

These light-waves represent vibrations of the human voice, and are produced by making the sound impinge upon a luminant. No. 1 shows the bass G equally and unequally produced; No. 2 shows A perfectly produced; No. 3 is treble D, and No. 4 is D an octave higher. The instrument by which these records are taken is used by Mr. W. Brewer Brown, who uses it in teaching speech-culture and voice-production.



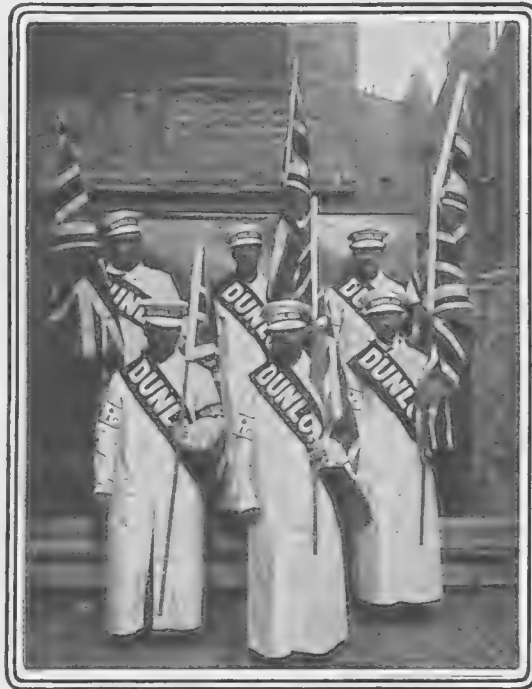
THE INTERNATIONAL RELIABILITY TRIAL: ITS EXTREME SEVERITY—THE MINUTE DEBIT—SAILING NEAR PERFECTION—THE BROOKLANDS HANDICAP—
NEGLECT THE FEATURE OF THE TRIAL—THE DUNLOP VANS AND GUIDE-POSTS.

THE International Reliability Trial, which started, as already chronicled, from London on Thursday, June 11, was brought to a conclusion on the Brooklands racecourse at the end of last week. The results are not within the writer's ken at the moment of writing, but a close study of the details of this really strenuous test as it has progressed from day to day up to Wednesday last has left a keen appreciation of the elaborate scheme of scoring which, carried out in complete detail, concluded in the winner in each class being the first car in that class to complete a speed run of two hundred miles at Brooklands. On all hands it is admitted to have been the most severe test to which modern self-propelled vehicles have ever been subjected, and that so brave a remnant survived to reach Brooklands is an effulgent tribute to the design and workmanship of the manufacturers of these cars. From the moment of leaving London until the completion of the long-distance speed-trial at Brooklands, everything necessary for keeping these cars running upon the road and path has been scored against them in the shape of debit marks rendered in terms of minutes. These totals of minutes mean an equal handicap of time when it comes to starting the cars upon the big cement course for their two hundred miles speed-trip.

Before these words see the light, the public at large—or let me say, such section of them as take interest in matters automobilistic—will be in possession of the final facts of this great trial. But it is more than probable that few of them will really grasp the purport of the conditions under which the test was carried out. Let it be presumed that there is such a thing as a perfect motor-car, and let it be understood that this extremely desirable vehicle would, if it behaved up to its reputation, carry a load of four passengers over such a course as this two thousand miles without cost or stop of any kind. Clearly, the nearer a car can get to this desideratum, the more perfect the vehicle, and it was to ascertain just how close to perfection some of our modern motor-cars could approach that this trial was schemed and carried out. Everything except starting-up the engine—and for this there was a time-limit—that was required to be done to any and all of these cars to keep them going until they finished or broke down was scored upon a prearranged plan in minutes and decimals of minutes against them, and, as I have already explained, the total of time so accumulated formed the handicap

against the car when it started in the speed competition with the fellows of its class at Brooklands on Friday and Saturday last.

At the moment I am, of course, writing with lack of what is common knowledge to-day, but if the 200-miles race at Brooklands, coming directly upon the top of 1800 miles of arduous road-running and timed hill-climbs, has not proved a surprise-packet to many, then I am woefully ignorant of what neglect can do for—or should I not say against?—a motor-car. For neglect, neglect, and again neglect has been at the bottom of all the mishaps which overtook cars before they arrived at Brooklands. Had Mr. Tom Thornycroft spared a few minutes and lost a few marks in blowing his tyres a little harder than they were when he came to the start of the great timed climb up the celebrated Kirkstone Pass he might very well have been the winner of his class at Brooklands last week. Had the Benz folk lost time in giving a little more attention to their lubrication, which was temporarily deranged, they might not have suffered from a broken crank-shaft in the first flight of Shap Fell. All the little attentions which your true motorist loves to offer his machine cost marks to do in the International Trial. Petrol, oil, water, and grease were bought dear in time, and adjustments—the fond adjustments one loves to render—cost dearer. To succeed it was necessary to realise just how near perfection your car was, or just how far you could brutalise it without disaster.



FLAG-WAGGERS FOR A MOTOR-TOURING TRIAL.

The photograph shows a section of the flag-signallers employed by the Dunlop Tyre Company to indicate the way through the towns along the route of the R. A. C. International Touring Car 2000 Miles' Trial, which commenced on the morning of Thursday, June 11.

yellow covered Panhard Dunlop tyre vans, which have consistently followed the cortège of cars wherever the Club route led them, even

into the very heart of the Highlands. It must have been a great consolation to many of the competitors, and also to those who followed the trial on private or official cars, to know that there, at the tail of the line, never over-running or intruding, was the skilfully driven yellow van, carrying tyre-succour of every description to the needy. The Dunlop Tyre Company, both by the presence of these vans—which, by the way, were, with their heavy loads, driven successfully over the great test hills—and by the presence of the white-smocked, yellow-scarfed, Union-Jack-waving direction-posts I have before referred to, have earned the



MOTOR-MURDER FOR THE MOORS: AN AUTOMOBILE MITRAILLEUSE.

A new 40-h.p. Bayard-Clement motor, mounted with a swivel gun, has just been made for the French Government, and is about to be despatched to Morocco.—[Photograph by Rol.]

thanks of all concerned in this great competition. Many a belated passenger and observer was brought on to the day's objective from his stranded car by the Dunlop van,

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE ST. LEGER—CHEAP STANDS—A PASSING STRAW.

JUST now Signorinetta is favourite for the big race to be run at Doncaster on Sept. 9, but there is plenty of time for speculation to take a change. Ebor, who met with an accident at Ascot and could not run, is certain to be backed for this race later on, and the Kingsclere people will no doubt give Primer one more trial. Perrier will have to improve a lot to have any chance, and I am afraid that staying is not his forte. Mountain Apple, who could not run in Paris on account of his coughing, may show at Doncaster that his Epsom running was all wrong. He is a rum 'un to look at, but, according to those in the know, he is a beggar to go. Bembo ran like a real good horse at Ascot, and he may be counted a dangerous outsider. The same, by-the-bye, can be said of Santo Strato, who has improved wonderfully in the last two months; and I should not be surprised to hear that he is better at a mile and three-quarters than his stable companion Norman III.

Mr. W. Hall Walker has five engaged in the race, and the best of Royal Realm, White Eagle, and Pom should take a lot of beating. The Duke of Westminster could choose between Vamose, Morena, Mowsali, and Trysting Tree. The first-named is a rogue, but Morena gained a ready victory at Ascot, and if he is better than Primer, the Kingsclere stable may get very near to lifting the boodle. Of other known performers in the race, Prospector, although much improved, is still suffering with a wind infirmity, while Poor Boy could not stay the course. Gilpin's best may be French Partridge; and Lord Rosebery, who has four entered, may rely on Olympus. I rather liked the style in which Mr. J. B. Joel's colt, Your Majesty, won at Ascot. He is a Persimmon colt, and he looks like a stayer; but he may not be quite class enough to beat the Derby winner or White Eagle.

I studied the working of the cheap stand at Ascot very thoroughly, and I do not hesitate to affirm that it is the best thing done yet in the interest of the masses who go racing. It remains now to agitate for similar stands at all the meetings held in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis, and the racecourse companies that give to their shareholders fat dividends should hurry up and give to their patrons the maximum of comfort. A few thousand pounds sunk in a good, cheap stand would prove a telling investment, and the time has gone by to try and force the public into Tattersall's when they want to patronise the half-crown rings. It is a fact that is demonstrated day after day that the prices obtainable in the cheap rings are far more liberal than those offered in the

higher-priced enclosures, and the poorer backers, who go to market with their money in their hands, are 'cute enough to get away as far as possible from the firm of "Short Odds and Co." Many backers are at the present time compelled to bet at starting-price in Tattersall's Ring on account of the cramped market engineered by some of the faint-hearted bookies who do a large business on the nod with young plungers, many of whom could not, or would not, pay if they lost. The layers in the cheap rings make no bad debts; that is why their prices are so liberal. And here I would remark that the badge system in vogue at Ascot is one to be encouraged. It is a nuisance to be showing tickets at every turn, to say nothing of the risk of having these snatched. The brooch is a capital institution.

It is worthy of record that at last the railway companies interested have decided to run third-class passengers to Newmarket and back

at a fixed fare of 6s. 6d. during the two July meetings. If the experiment is a success it will be repeated at all future meetings to be held at the Turf headquarters. I feel certain that in the long run the railway companies will find it a paying game to run these cheap trips, and I am glad to be able to state that the trains are to be started as late as ten o'clock in the day. This is as it should be, and I hope in years to come we shall see passengers carried to Ascot and back



WHERE THE BIG FISH BREED: EXCITING SPORT FOR TOURISTS ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The scene is typical of Canadian sport. Wabinoosh Bay, Lake Nipigon, is famous for its big trout. A recent visitor writes of this place—"We brought away with us a five-pound, a six-pound, a six-and-a-quarter, and a seven-pound speckled trout. We could have loaded our canoe many times over with lake-trout, white-fish, and speckled trout, which were running up the rivers for the fall spawning."

From the Painting by C. M. Sheldon.

by trains starting as late as eleven o'clock, at a return fare of 5s. Further, I think no more than 4s. should be charged for a first-class return fare by any train for the Epsom meeting, and if the Duke of Richmond could only induce the railway companies to run cheap third-class trains for the Goodwood meeting, these would be crowded. It savours very much of backing up the old tale, my repeatedly touching on this subject; but it is one of the first importance to racecourse managers, and indirectly to the sport of kings. The railway companies complain that the introduction of motors has robbed them of a large portion of their first-class traffic, and now is the time to make up the deficiency by catering well for the masses, who could not afford to ride in motors if they would. As I have stated, year in and year out, the Northern lines have grown fat on cheap trips. Then why will not the Southern lines follow suit? The old cry of shortage of rolling stock will not hold good now, as many of the trains that have been shortened owing to the competition of the electric trams have let loose plenty of carriages for cheap trips. Cheap race trains in the South of England will come in time. May they come soon, say I.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Dolorous Afternoons.

The hostess who sets out to give a musical party, and is rash enough to leave the choice of songs to the singers, may find that her guests will be harrowed by the most melancholy compositions. The afternoon artiste especially, like the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," desires to curdle your blood; and there is no spot where agony and despair are so rampant in July as a drawing-room in Grosvenor Square, between five and seven. The be-plumed and be-frilled audience bear it heroically enough, nodding and smiling and whispering between the infinitesimal spaces left by the modish hats; but how much happier they would be if some audacious entertainer would venture to have a cheerful performer at the piano! I know no reason why I should spend a radiant midsummer day having my withers wrung to no adequate end, for these melancholy songs are not concerned with the Licensing Bill, Home Rule, or Sedition in India, but usually with the specious woes of some German gentleman long deceased. In addition to the world-weary *lied*, there is this year the French fashion of the *chanson dite*, and this form of ballad, first brought in by Yvette Guilbert, concerns itself invariably with executions, murders, death-beds, and the like pleasing subjects. It is a parlous state of affairs, and one which calls for urgent reform, and I should not wonder if next year saw the vogue of Florence Lloyd and Harry Lauder at all the afternoon tea-parties in Mayfair and eke in Pont Street.

To Preserve the Bachelor.

Kaiser Wilhelm has hinted that the bachelors of the Fatherland will have to help to mend its falling finance, and who knows if our own ingenious Chancellor of the Exchequer may not find the money for Old Age Pensions by some such device? It is a tax, to be sure, which would fall on what is ironically called the well-to-do class, whereas everyone knows that the average young-man-about-town is usually in a financial condition which he would describe as "stony." There are very few unmarried men over eight-and-twenty among the working classes. Where Demos reigns, matrimony, for obvious reasons, is highly popular. But the harmless, necessary bachelor of the West End cannot be dispensed with, and he must be kept single at all costs, for entertaining would come to an end without him. In the artificial and slightly theatrical atmosphere of the drawing-room he has his niche, he fills an indispensable rôle. He represents careless, irresponsible gaiety, he is clothed like the lilies of the field—for he certainly never pays his tailor—and in the last resource, if Government intend to tax him, a Society for the Preservation of Bachelors will have to be formed who will meet his liabilities to the State.

Man Becomes Apologetic.

There is no doubt that Man, in the aggregate, has become apologetic. He feels that he has been lacking towards Woman in that little matter of equality, and is hastening to make amends in the most profuse, and even handsome, manner. The signs of the times are to be observed everywhere, and in all classes and conditions of society.

The other day a jurymen asked to be withdrawn, on conscientious grounds, from a case where a woman was to be tried, and the Judge let him off. Again, a hansom in which I drove yesterday was pulled by a charming grey mare, and the cabman had gallantly put rosettes to her ears composed of purple and green, the advanced Suffragist colours. The whole effect was dashing, and an excellent advertisement for "the movement," though whether cabby intended it as a modest tribute to the triumphs of Signorinetta or of Christabel Pankhurst I am not altogether sure. Finally, I could not believe my ears when the barber, in the intervals devoted to the heating of tongs, proceeded to breathe the pious wish that "the ladies would soon have the franchise." What with the twenty-four women in the Cambridge Triposes, and the twenty-four thousand women in Hyde Park, the *Zeitgeist* is becoming decidedly feminine, if not *féministe*.

Cheap Correspondence.

New that letter-writing is almost a lost art, we are in measurable distance of a universal penny postage. In the days when people had to pay for the epistles they received, the senders took infinite pains to compose an amusing and well-written screed. When one of Jane Austen's sailor brothers was in Scandinavian waters, we have it on record that she had to pay as much as two shillings when he wrote to her, and the great novelist assures him that the letter was quite worth the money. To-day we only spend such a sum on some review or magazine of high import and full of alarming articles; a hundred years ago people wrote to each other gratis the news and gossip which to-day find a place in the newspapers. But it is certain

that the charming art of letter-writing will never be revived, and that no Horace Walpole or Wortley Montagu are to-day hiding their epistolary lights in a desk or cabinet. A famous foreign potentate, it is true, is possessed by the *cacoethes scribendi*, but on the whole, the modern inclination is towards the telephone, telegraph, and simple, modest postcard, and it is difficult to be eloquent, witty, or even indiscreet with any of these means of communication. In short, the universal penny post may become an accomplished fact, with nary a letter worth reading to send by it.



A DUST- GREY ALPACA MOTOR-COAT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

WHAT a week was last! There was not time mentally to digest half its brilliance or pleasure. The Anglo-American wedding took first place in social importance and international interest. It was a charming event. There was such an air of simple friendliness and good-fellowship about it all, although it was so beautiful. Every detail of arrangement had been carefully thought out, and things went without a hitch. The King and Queen, after being at the Chapel Royal for the service, went to Dorchester House, where, with the American Ambassador, the bride and bridegroom, Colonel Holford, and Lord and Lady Dudley, they spent a long time looking at the wedding-presents. Later the King came down into the temporary room for refreshments, and spoke with many friends. Then his Majesty conferred the signal honour on the bride of his Equerry, of himself seeing her to her carriage and most heartily shaking Mr. John Ward's hand before he stepped in after her. Our King is a very prince of modernly expressed chivalry, the very pink of a diplomatist.

Madame Melba's matinée at the Opera House was remarkable for a demonstration of the amenableness of our sex to firm male authority politely put in practice. Such lovely hats were to be seen in the stalls up to a few minutes before the curtain went up. Then, to "Will you please to remove your hats?" the waving plumes, filmy tulle, and masses of flowers suddenly disappeared, and coiffures of all sorts and conditions were seen in their stead. It was a transformation-scene in front of the footlights. In the boxes the hats were most decorative. The Queen applauded the great singer at the close of the first act of "Traviata" as heartily as anyone, and their Majesties smiled at the ovation and the mounds of floral tributes and the pelting shower of roses from the boxes that descended on Violetta, no longer the consumptive heroine, but the triumphant artist. The Queen wore a black voile dress over white, and a toque of pale-mauve tulle with deep-crimson roses in it. Princess Victoria, in aluminium grey, wore a black hat.

A wonderfully brilliant sight was afforded by the dinner at the Cecil for the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses. There was an average of four or five tiaras worn at each table: the effect was extraordinarily fine. The Duchess of Portland, who with many of the other diners went on to the ball at Stafford House for the King and Queen, wore a lovely dress of white tulle glistening with crystal over blush-pink. A magnificent high tiara of diamonds was worn, tipped with large, pear-shaped stones, while others equally large swung loose in the design below. A rope of large pearls was worn with three rows round the neck, and a diamond bow at one side with long ends formed of single large diamonds. A similar bow was fastened on the bodice, where were three dark crimson roses, so dark as to look almost black. The Marchioness of Londonderry and the Duchess of Sutherland, also the Duchess Dowager of Roxburghe, were in black, and all wore fine jewels. Lady Sarah Wilson's was a beautiful gown in soft clinging pale skin-pink charmeuse satin. Over the shoulders were lines of diamonds, while the berthe was outlined with milk-white and silver flexible bands, and round the waist was a sash of rich crimson crêpe-de-Chine.

In these days of the wearing of many jewels it is good to be able to depend upon the artistic productions of the Parisian Diamond Company. These are in the van of fashion, and are as effective in daylight as at night. They are delightfully set and are in themselves beautiful. We all know that no oyster, however great its effort, can beat the Oriental pearls of the company in sheen, colour, or weight. In every particular they are as beautiful as the finest gems secured by *il pescatore di perle*!

On Woman's Ways page, a drawing will be found of a dust-grey alpaca motor-coat with rather a high Empire waist, suitable for motoring on these dusty summer days. With it is worn a grey cottage bonnet and veil.

The season is waning, and women are turning their attention to the sales, which interest especially those who are joyfully preparing for the holidays, and no one looks forward to them more joyfully than the jaded pleasure-seeker. To all such it is good news that Scotts', the celebrated hatters of 1 and 1A, Old Bond Street, begin a reduction of all their trimmed millinery to-day which will last through the month. We all know how this firm lays itself out to cater for those of us who like to look our best after fatiguing journeys in all weathers, by land or sea, when we play golf, or ride,

shoot, or yacht. Therefore, I suggest to all who are on holiday thoughts intent an early visit to Scotts', where the newest ideas in millinery are cleverly adapted to travelling and country head-gear.

A summer sale that will hold heaps of attractions for women-about-town is that which began on Monday and continues throughout this month at Peter Robinson's magnificent Regent Street establishment. We all know that its various departments cover all the matters of dress and outfit that are of interest to our sex. In each of these the reductions made for the after-season sale will prove to be most satisfactory to all purchasers. Possibly those who are intent on ready-made skirts with material for bodices will meet with the most pleasant surprises. It is hard to say, however, for real bargains obtain in every part of the great house.

Whether we are in town or country, on sea or shore, mounted or on foot, at work or play, comfort depends on our footwear. If one's shoes pinch, the world is out of joint. The sale which began on Monday at the Hanan-Gingell American Shoe Store, 328 to 332, Oxford Street, and which will last for one month only, appeals to all

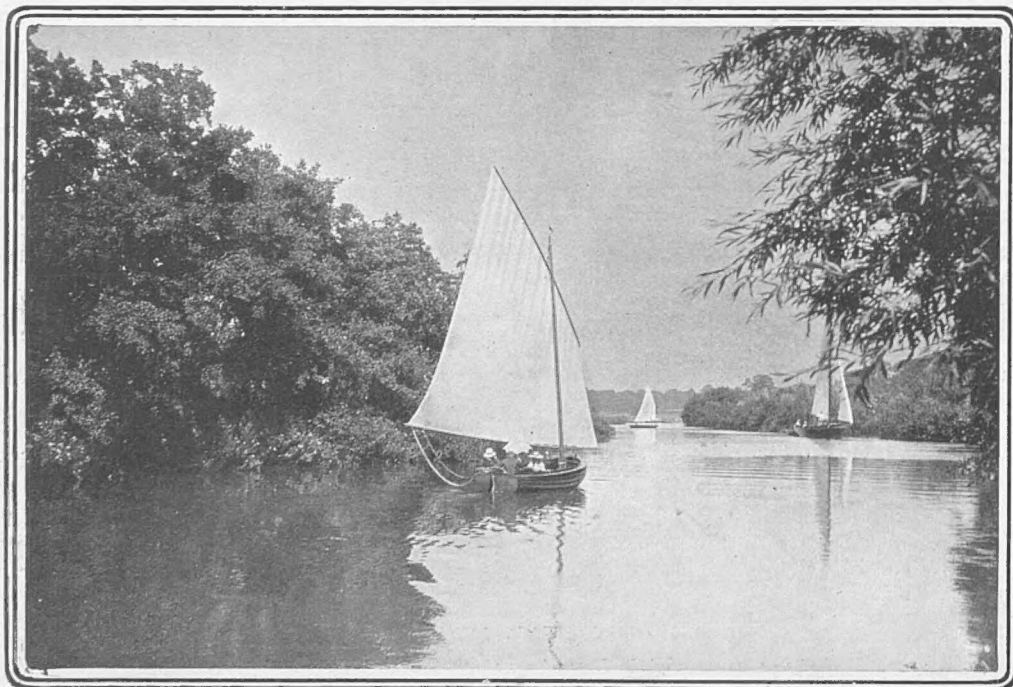
who want to enjoy themselves. These shoes are the best products of the well-known factories of America by makers whom we have learned to swear by. It is not an old stock that will be offered during the sale at a uniform reduction of 2s. per pair off all not included in the sale catalogue, in which the prices are much more satisfactory to purchasers. I advise an early visit to this sale, where will be found no crowding, for the rooms are the finest in Europe.

Has the soap-bubble ever lost its fascination for childhood? I trow not; if the great grown-ups confessed honestly we should say we were still greatly attracted to this evanescent, iridescent joy. Small wonder, therefore, that an irresistible

draw at the Franco-British Exhibition is the Erasmic Soap Bubble Fountain. We all know and appreciate the soap, but to give full credit for a surprisingly lovely effect to the enterprising company that produces it, the Soap Bubble Fountain at the Exhibition must be visited. It is a duty that will prove virtue to be its own reward.



THE WINNER OF THE RED ROSETTE FOR TRADESMEN'S HORSES AT OLYMPIA: MESSRS. SYKES JOSEPHINE AND COMPANY'S LITTLE BAY, ELEGANT.



A CHARMING HOLIDAY RETREAT ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.

The holiday attractions of East Anglia do not end with the sea. To the sea there is the background of the Broads. It is a unique combination, to be found in no other part of the kingdom. It requires a good-sized map of Norfolk and Suffolk to indicate the number and extent of these inland lakes, joined by some 200 miles of navigable waterways. The "Norfolk Coast Express" will again run daily this summer between London and Cromer, Sheringham, and Mundesley. With these trains a finishing touch—as regards passengers' comfort, at all events—may be said to be given to this popular service of the Great Eastern Railway. The trains are provided with fine restaurant cars and kitchens, so that passengers can lunch en route both on the down and the return journey.—[Photograph by F. A. Sayers.]

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 13.

THE strong Bank Return has drawn renewed attention to the favourable monetary position, and indirectly to gilt-edged securities, and high-class stocks and foreign bonds have shown some activity. There is no sign, however, of any turn in the tide so far as Home Rails are concerned, and some of them on last year's dividends show quite high returns.

We hear that Lipton's new issue will appear in a few days, and will consist of £250,000, in shares of £1 each, the issue price of which will be 5s. premium. No doubt the present shareholders will have the first refusal, and it is said that there will be no underwriting of what they may not take.

THE BARRENECHEA NITRATE COMPANY.

The speech of the chairman at the annual general meeting of this Company was in many ways satisfactory, and will bring considerable comfort to those persons who bought shares at high prices. The dividend is only 15 per cent. for the year, but the whole of the Debentures have been paid off, and there is a substantial addition of £15,000 to the reserve. The financial position is that, with a small capital of £45,000 and no Debenture debt, the Company has a reserve of £34,000 and an estimate of 2,750,000 quintals of nitrate on the ground which the Company is at present working. The nitrate industry is, of course, a speculative one, and all the Companies are suffering from scarcity of labour, and, worse than that, an exchange of below 8d. How serious is this exchange question may be seen from the Barrechea accounts, which show that the loss on this account alone represents over 2s. 6d. a share in dividend.

On the whole, we think that with any improvement in the Nitrate industry there is a reasonable chance of the Barrechea reaching a high state of prosperity, which might more than justify even higher prices than those at which the shares at one time stood.

HOME RAILWAY HOPES.

July and August dividends in the Home Railway Market are going to be bad. We all know that. That it has been appreciated is shown by the manner in which prices have depreciated. Next half-year, however, the Companies should begin to do better. Traffics will go against the figures of a dismal summer and autumn, and though trade will probably continue to shrink, the extra passenger traffic should go far to counterbalance a falling-off of freight returns. Then there is the economy to be effected by the various working agreements, inter-booking arrangements, and similar schemes for saving expense while adding to the amenities of travel. Other ententes besides the Sheffield-York-Eastern and the Brum-Middy-Leeds alliances are sure to be proposed. The market has cheap money, though it must also be remembered that a bull account already exists. We have been unable to discern any hope, worthy of trust, for the Home Railway Market for several months past, but the outlook in this department is beginning to grow more favourable, and for investment purposes we should say that many of the better-class Ordinary stocks are cheap at to-day's levels.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"Write," said my unappreciative City Editor, "a short Stock Exchange letter." The accent and the insult lay on and in the adjective. As though, with all our domestic troubles seething around, a member of the House could write briefly! We shall see.

Free trade has made the Stock Exchange what it is, the nerve-centre of the world's events; the mart to which every nation under the sun contributes, directly or indirectly; the hub of the financial universe, and all that kind of thing. Not to mention it as being a dumping-ground for swindles, a very present help to thieving bucket-shops, and a place where no man in his senses would remain for two minutes longer than he considered necessary. Well, I say, Free Trade has made the Stock Exchange all that and a lot more. Now, the Committee want to protect us helpless brokers from the nefarious jobbers, and equally to protect the unfortunate jobber from the poaching broker. Business is going to be done in certain particular, clearly defined channels. And not in any other whatsoever, or else, my dear Sir, upstairs you go before the Committee, and we will see what they have to say about you!

Will business consent to be thus directed, even hampered and fettered? Stock Exchange business is a very coy, delicate, easily frightened thing. It may quite reasonably object to run along the lines so sternly laid out by this severe Committee. What then? I wonder if the so-called Reform Party, with their pretty programme, glib speakers, debatable logic and prophetic peeps into futurity realise in the least the immense harm they may be doing to the House? I am for neither one side nor the other; but nobody can look on at domestic matters in the Stock Exchange without a feeling of uneasiness at the party prejudice and passion, for all the world like the political arena, imported into the vital question of how to earn our bread and butter.

As one has said before, there are dozens of men in the Stock Exchange, capital fellows most of them, who hang around on the skirts of a market and intercept the broker as he comes to deal. Instead of going direct to the "shop," the broker possibly deals with one of these jobbers, who forthwith hies him off to the "shop" and receives a small turn on the business. He runs no book, he takes no risk. The stress of competition has, of recent years, driven the brokers direct to the "shops," and therefore the outsider suffers. And it is the outsider who is responsible for a very large percentage of all this pothole. Furthermore, unless I vastly mistake, the outsider will find himself worse off than ever in the future, because the "shop," deprived of shunting and other facilities for making close prices, will absolutely decline to assist the fringe-man, who, it seems to some of us, is cutting his own throat in pressing forward a scheme so ill-devised and clumsy and business-restraining as that now before the House.

That is the advantage of being impartial. You can say what you like without being accused of favouritism.

Many and varied are the reasons propounded for the apathy or the public in reference to the purchase of investments which ought to be in brisk demand owing to the cheapness of money. I have heard a soi-disant authority proclaim that people haven't got any money, and what they have, the banks advise them to keep on deposit at one per cent., in order that they, the banks, shall have the use of it for the financing of new issues. This just shows how hard up sensible men are for explanations of the undoubted public apathy. Market politicians assure us that the reason is a want of confidence created by the Government. This would naturally apply almost entirely to British stocks—the Funds, Home Rails, Home Industrials, and so forth; but when we find the Foreign Railway department just as neglected as the Home Railway, the political argument loses some of its force. A whole range of circumstances, it appears to me, is to be seen when one sits down patiently to consider the situation. Circumstances not at all novel, and far too familiar for me to bore you with a repetition of the catalogue just now.

"What is there to 'go for' in the Kafir Circus?" demand the bears and some of the tired bulls. Not much, certainly. The dividends are out, and while by no means brilliant, they are fairly satisfactory. With such things as the reduction in working costs, the progress of the industry, the settlement of the Colonies, and Mr. J. B. Robinson's Birthday honour, we are all by this time fully acquainted. What more is there to come, for a bit, anyway? Precious little, one feels inclined to reply, with the reservation that the tendency is so uncertain that prices might easily be put up again. But the public are lacking, which is a bad sign. That the market will "come again" is a certainty. It is a matter for waiting. What must continue to upset Kafirs for a long while yet is the critical position of the diamond trade. It seems hard that gold shares should be compelled to reflect the brightness or the dullness of diamonds; but so it is, and so it is bound to be.

The British Aluminium Company, before making a public issue of £700,000 5 per cent. Debenture stock, sent out circulars to its shareholders a few days ago, offering them the underwriting of £100,000 stock at a commission of 3 per cent., with an additional 1 per cent., provided the stock were taken firm. The idea looks rather good, and one of which the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, to mention only a single Company, might well take note.

Concerns which do a sort of broking business in premium bonds, and invite the public to apply for their shares, should be avoided. It is safer to buy Consols.

These are the days in which the mind of man begins to turn to thoughts of holidays. For the benefit of some of my fellow-members who may be glad enough to hear, may I mention that a sturdy friend of that splendid institution, the Children's Country Holiday Fund, is to be found in the Trunk Market, prepared to receive amounts, large or small, for the benefit of the children. Before starting on his own holiday, the man who offers a contribution to the holiday of some poor little waif will find that the result is to make himself feel as happy and light-hearted as though he were a bull of Yankees in a booming market. And that he may be both is the sincere wish of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, June 27, 1908.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MIMI.—As to the American Railway shares, it is very difficult to say what is best to do. Your stock will move with the rest of the Yankee market. As a speculation you might buy to average. The paper in question belongs to a firm of outside brokers, and presumably is run in their interests.

SEA FRONT.—We think well of Nos. 1 and 3, but do not like Nos. 2 and 4, especially No. 4. The firm you name will pay (which is more than we can say of many outside dealers), but they will probably induce you to buy lots of rubbish.

PATSY.—No dividend has been paid since last October. We should not care to hold the shares, nor to place money with the bank in question. You had far better put it with the Birkbeck Bank in High Holborn.

E. V.—The Zinc Corporation has proved such a disappointment that we look upon purchase of the shares as speculative. The price of the metal is very low at present. There is no comparison between the securities you propose to sell and the Zinc shares. The securities are investments, the shares a speculation.

INVICTA.—You must have got your list from some bucket-shop, as all the shares are being puffed. See our observations last week.

CANADA.—We do not think stockbrokers are much use to you, and are sorry we cannot suggest a promoter in whom you may trust. We advise you to be very careful with whom you deal, or you will get into the hands of some impecunious shark who will promise much and do nothing.

J. W. B.—Your letter has been answered.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket the Princess of Wales's Stakes may be won by Madame de Soubise. For some of the other events at the meeting I fancy the following: Duke of Cambridge Handicap, Linacre; Soham Plate, Pearl of the Loch; July Cup, Solferino; Welter Handicap, Merganser; Ellesmere Stakes, Ebor. At Carlisle Scotch Lad should win the Devonshire Plate. I think, at Worcester, Gran will win the Worcestershire Handicap and Raytoi the City Welter. For the Alexandra Park Meeting I fancy the following: London Cup, Billy the Verger; Fourth of July Handicap, Teofani; Apprentice Plate, Wild Georgie; Highgate Stakes, Jack's Folly.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

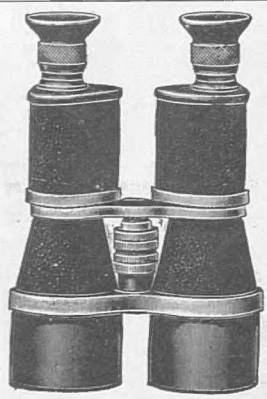
"The Lost Angel." By Katharine Tynan. (John Milne.)—"Ashes." By Grazia Deledda. (The Bodley Head.)—"The Bishop's Scapegoat." By T. B. Clegg. (The Bodley Head.)

KATHARINE TYNAN has the touch that turns the commonplace to poetry. She prefers, it appears, to write of simple things, and we are grateful for it, because her simplicity is the essence of daintiness, apart from the circumstance that, being a poetess, she knows the value of measured words. "The Lost Angel" is a collection of short stories—light, pretty things. We suppose a good many people would call them trivial; but a thoroughly artistic creation is never trivial, however slight it may be; wherefore, "The Lost Angel" is worth very much more than its surface value. Some of the stories are Irish; one or two are about France. One is a sketch of a couple of exiles, wandering in the cheapness of the outer darkness across the Channel, and longing for the place they had lost in Ireland—the white house with the green shutters, the old home. Fortunately, their creator is tender-hearted, and she brings them back to prosperity before she leaves them. "The Judgment of Solomon" contains a loving portrait of a priest who plays providence to a pair of lovers. The priest's housekeeper is a minor sketch, but not less carefully drawn. When it is summer in these stories, you can see the old gardens, hear the hum of the bees. When it is autumn, you see the withered leaves blowing up the road and feel the nip of the first frost. They are written with a gentle pen, but with one that never misses its stroke and never splutters on the page. Many more ambitious books are less deserving; and people who can appreciate the minor arts (they are not too plentiful in this blatant world) will find much to please them in "The Lost Angel."

Grazia Deledda was introduced to the English public for the first time, we believe, by the *Fortnightly Review*, which ran her "Nostalgia" serially for some months. Apparently, its primitive passion caught the public taste, for Miss Colvill, who translated it, has now wrought another book, "Ashes" (Cenere), into English. The power of the translator is a potent thing, of course, to make or mar. It is admirably wielded here, where, we suspect, it had no very easy task. "Ashes" was not only written originally in a Southern tongue—it was conceived in the spirit of a Southern emotion, which is a condition as remote as the Sardinian dialect from the average British understanding. We cannot pretend that the book will appeal to a large audience here. We like "snappy" plots, and this is a study of maternal failure that

goes painstakingly through a generation. We like the obvious, and Deledda gives us a woman's tragedy—and leaves out the woman herself for more than half the book. Also, we do not, as a rule, care to hear much about young men who are obsessed with a morbid fear through their growing years, who blaze into love as children, and flare out upon an instant, after years of intense adoration of the beloved object. The only hope for us is that we do like to look, with a curious compassion, upon the antics of foreigners, and "Ashes" shows us Sardinian peasants doing violent things in a vivid way. Oli was a country girl who ripened early in the full-blossoming land away beyond Nuoro, in the heart of wild Sardinia. Her lover was a married man, a rogue and a liar, and he deserted her before her child was born. Oli, with the joy drained out of her life, was a bad mother, and at last she left her child, as Anania had left her, and dropped to the lowest depths in the town. She had been loved for the fire of her temperament, because life was exuberant in her and Anania: both were primitive and without conscience, and though they paid in kind, their unhappiness did not save Anania the younger from the wretchedness to which existence as their son condemned him. Irresponsible beings such as Oli find enjoyment a necessity, but they are not able to avoid the hour of payment, when interest at usury is demanded for their pleasures. Oli died miserably, and her son was crushed to the ground by the tragedy. Nevertheless, he "felt that among the ashes lurks the spark; and Hope returned to him, and he felt that he loved life still." And on this note of promise his sad story ends.

Can two men who have no part in each other's crime be guilty of murdering the same man? If they can, we do not think "The Bishop's Scapegoat" is rightly named. The Bishop, when he was a simple Vicar, went to Paris and squeezed the breath out of a rogue's body—nearly, but not quite. The Doctor, who came in when the man was at the last flicker, held his hand, knowing that to do so would be to rid the earth of a villain. The man died: but the Doctor had been seen in his room, and was condemned to penal servitude in Noumea, which Mr. Thomas Bailey Clegg presents, according to the accepted verdict, as a hell on earth. Now who killed the Marquis de Remusat, *alias* Pasquier! It is a nice point; but we think most people will agree that Dr. Bertrand was expiating his own crime when he was transported, although, if he were guilty, the Rev. Frank Perivale deserved the life-sentence too. In any case, here is the material for a fine novel, and Mr. Clegg has made good use of it. The escape from Noumea is a thrilling episode, and Cacalouch, the convict, who is the hero of it, is a truly dramatic figure.



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„ 25.	Ditto,	25 Diameters Magnification,	£12 10s.

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